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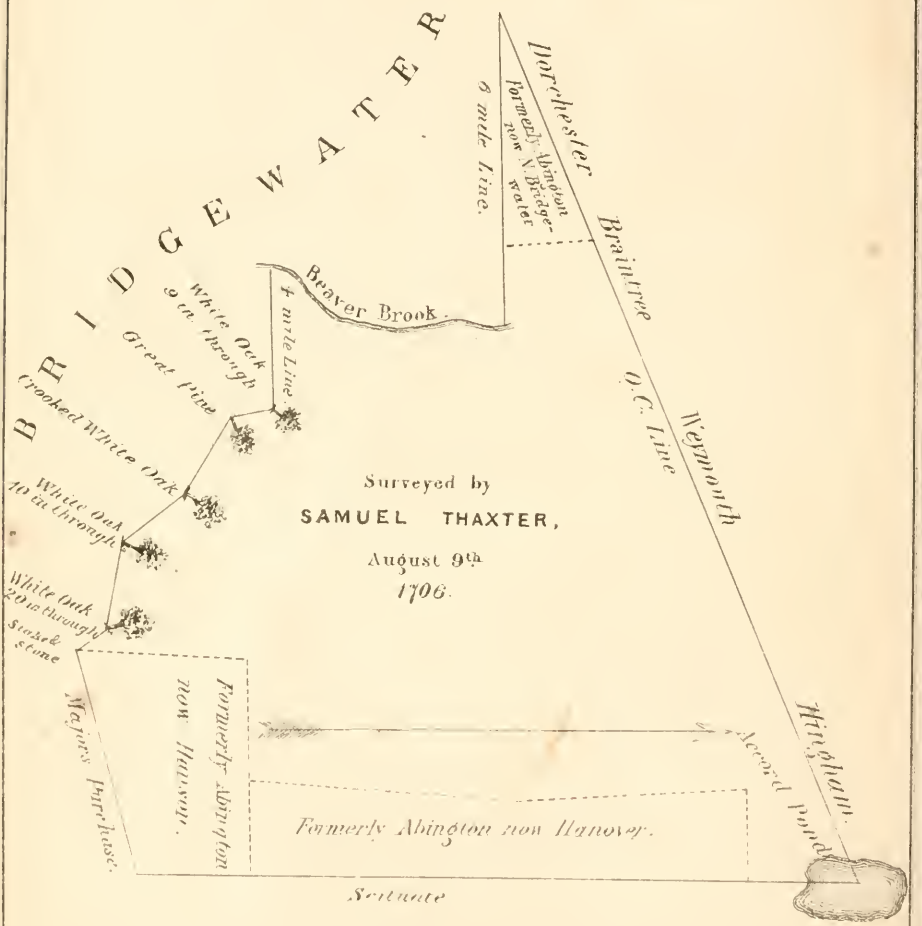
ABINGTON

Semi-Centennial Celebration.

JUNE 10, 1862.

PLAN OF ABINGTON.



Copied from the Original Plan on a reduced scale June 11th 1862 by Isaac Hersey.

CELEBRATION

OF THE

One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary

OF THE

INCORPORATION OF ABINGTON,

MASSACHUSETTS,

June 10, 1862;

INCLUDING THE

ORATION, POEM, AND OTHER EXERCISES.

BOSTON:
WRIGHT & POTTER, PRINTERS, 4 SPRING LANE.
1862.

F74
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Abington, June 11, 1862.

Rev. E. Porter Dyer:—

Dear Sir,—At a meeting of the Committee of Arrangements, held this day, it was voted, unanimously, "That the thanks of the Committee be presented to Rev. E. P. Dyer for the able and pleasing Address delivered by him on the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town of Abington, and that a copy of the same be requested for publication." In the hope that you will find it convenient to comply with the above request,

I remain, your obedient servant,

ISAAC HERSEY, *Secretary.*

Hingham, June 13, 1862.

Isaac Hersey, Esq.:—

Dear Sir,—The Address of which you are pleased to request a copy for the press, was imperfectly prepared amid the pressure of other labors, and, as you know, at brief notice. I would it were worthy the thanks you are pleased to express, and worthier the perusal of those who may hereafter interest themselves in the history of my native town. Such as it is, with all its imperfections, I submit it to you for publication as you request, in the humble hope that its historical facts, gathered from various sources, may be of some future interest to the citizens of Abington.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

E. PORTER DYER.

CONTENTS.

Page.

Introductory, ... 7

Officers and Committees, ... 8

Order of Procession, ... 11

Introductory Address, by Hon. Levi Reed, ... 14

Hymn of Welcome, by Rev. H. D. Walker, ... 16

Hymn, by Mrs. E. L. Cummings, of Medford, ... 18

Oration, by Rev. E. Porter Dyer, of Hingham, ... 19

Address of Welcome, by Hon. Levi Reed, ... 46

Remarks by His Excellency Governor Andrew, ... 47

Poem, by James Wilson Ward, Jr. Esq., of Guilford, Conn., . 54

Remarks by Hon. Benjamin Hobart, ... 64

by Rev. F. R. Abbe, ... 67

Hymn, by Rev. H. D. Walker, ... 70

Remarks by Rev. H. D. Walker, ... 71

by Charles F. Dunbar, Esq., of Boston, . . . 74

by Rev. Isaac C. White, of Plymouth, ... 77

by Rev. E. Porter Dyer, of Hingham, ... 79

by William D. Coolidge, Esq., of Newton, . . . 83

by Rev. Joseph Crehore, ... 85

by Rev. Henry L. Edwards, ... 88

by B. F. Peterson, Esq., ... 92

Page.

Volunteer Sentiments, ... 94

Letter from Seth Hobart White, Esq., of Delhi, N. Y., . . 95

from Rev. Joseph Pettee, ... 97

from Ellis Ames, Esq., of Canton, ... 99

from Rev. Jacob White, of West Bridgewater, . . 99

APPENDIX, ... 101

ABINGTON

SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

In the warrant for a Town Meeting, to be held at the Town Hall in Abington, on the 28th of April, 1862, the following article was inserted, viz. :—

"To see if the Town will take measures to celebrate the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town of Abington."

At the meeting thus called, the following resolves were offered by Hon. Levi Reed, and adopted :—

"*Resolved*, That as the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of this town occurs on the tenth day of June next, it is expected that the occasion be noticed by a public celebration which shall commemorate an event so important in our history.

"*Resolved*, That the Selectmen, with nine others, to be nominated by them, be a committee to make all necessary arrangements for such a celebration, with full power to procure an Orator and Music ; and to make such provisions for the accommodation of the public as they shall judge best."

In accordance with the foregoing resolves, the following named persons were chosen to act with the Selectmen :—

Levi Reed, Isaac Hersey, Nahum Reed, Abner Curtis, John N. Noyes, James Ford, Sumner Shaw, Meritt Nash, and I. J. Howland.*

The Committee of Arrangements held their first meeting April 30th, and organized by the choice of Hon. Levi Reed as Chairman, and Isaac Hersey, Esq., as Secretary.

It was decided to have the celebration at "Island Grove," and a committee, consisting of S. B. Thaxter, John N. Noyes and Meritt Nash, was chosen to make all necessary arrangements with Messrs. Reed and Noyes respecting the Grove.

Rev. E. Porter Dyer, of Hingham, a native of the town, was invited to deliver the Oration, and James Wilson Ward, Jr., Esq., of Guilford, Conn., also a native of the town, was invited to deliver a Poem.

An invitation to be present on the occasion was extended to His Excellency Governor Andrew, together with his Staff and the Executive Council.

The following were chosen officers of the day:—

PRESIDENT.

LEVI REED.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

ISAAC HERSEY.	MARCUS REED.
BENJAMIN HOBART.	JOSEPH HUNT.
JAMES FORD.	ZENAS JENKINS.
JOSIAH SHAW.	JENKINS LANE.
ASAPH DUNBAR.	JARED WHITMAN.

*Subsequently, at a meeting of the "Committee of Arrangements," Mr. Howland declined serving, and Mr. S. N. Cox was chosen to fill the vacancy.

TREASURER.

SAMUEL B. THAXTER.

CHIEF MARSHAL.

SAMUEL B. THAXTER.

ASSISTANT MARSHALS.

JASON HERSEY.
DANIEL GLOYD.
CHARLES BEARCE.
HORACE REED.
GRIDLEY T. NASH.
LEANDER CURTIS.
JONATHAN ARNOLD, JR.
JOSHUA CURTIS, JR.
SAMUEL H. McKENNEY.
JOSIAH SOULE.
WILLIAM POOL.
CHARLES W. HOWLAND.

TOAST-MASTER.

SAMUEL N. COX.

COMMITTEE OF FINANCE.

ZENAS JENKINS.
NAHUM REED.
MERITT NASH.
JAMES FORD.

COMMITTEE ON MUSIC.

NAHUM REED.
MERITT NASH.
ZENAS JENKINS.

COMMITTEE OF CORRESPONDENCE.

ISAAC HERSEY.
JOHN N. NOYES.
SAMUEL B. THAXTER.

COMMITTEE TO PRINT THE ORATION, POEM, AND PROCEEDINGS.

ISAAC HERSEY.
SAMUEL N. COX.
JOHN N. NOYES.

The citizens of Abington never won for themselves more credit than on Tuesday, the 10th day of June, on the occasion of the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the town. The day was all that one could wish, bright, cool and airy; and was just one of those days when every thing looks pleasant and lovely. The Natal Day was announced by the ringing of all the bells in town. At an early hour the people were alive to the requirements of the occasion, and began their preparations for the public exercises of the day. Many of the sons and daughters of old Abington from far and near were at *home* to share in the festivities of the day, and worthily to remember their *mother town*. The citizens of the town, forgetting their usual avocations, turned out *en masse* to honor the day; and large delegations from the neighboring towns were present to participate in the exercises of the occasion.

At half-past nine, A. M., on the arrival of the morning train from Boston, the escort, consisting of the South Abington Infantry, (Co. E, Fourth Regiment M. V. M.,) accompanied by the South Abington Band, received His Excellency Governor Andrew, the members of the Executive Council, the invited guests, and the Committee of Arrangements, at the depot at the Centre, and proceeded at once to "Hatherly Hall," where, after waiting a few minutes, the Procession was formed in the following order:—

	Chief Marshal and Aids.	
	Music.	
	Military Escort.	
Aid.	President of the Day and His Excellency Governor Andrew.	Aid.
	The Executive Council.	
	Members of the State Departments.	
Aid.	Orator of the Day and Chaplain.	Aid.
	Poet of the Day and invited Speakers.	
Aid.	Soldiers of 1812.	Aid.
	Members of the Legislature.	
	Town Officers.	
	Invited Guests.	
	Vice-Presidents.	
Aid.	Committee of Arrangements.	Aid.
Aid.	Pilgrim Royal Arch Chapter.	Aid.
	John Cutler Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons.	
Aid.	Organization of Sons of Temperance.	Aid.
	School Committee, Teachers, and Children of the Public Schools.	
Aid.	Citizens Generally.	Aid.
Aid.	Cavalcade.	Aid.

Passing through Washington Street, Centre Avenue, and Plymouth Street, the Procession proceeded to "Island Grove," where the exercises of the day were to take place, arriving at precisely the hour (11 o'clock,) which had been fixed upon by the Chief Marshal.

Forming as it did one of the essential features of the occasion, the Procession deserves something more than a passing notice.

The South Abington Band furnished good evidence that the reputation of the town for proficiency in music would receive no detriment at their hands.

The military escort for the occasion, (South Abington Infantry,) appearing with full ranks, gained great credit by their fine appearance and soldierly bearing,

and showed that they were proficient in whatever pertained to their duties as citizen soldiers.

The veterans of 1812 attracted, as they well deserved, considerable attention. They had gathered, after the lapse of half a century, a goodly number, although their ranks had been sadly thinned by time, to recall the scenes through which they had passed, and by their presence to add to the enjoyment of the hour.

The Masonic Fraternity, numbering some seventy, came out in full regalia. They were accompanied by the Weymouth Band, and formed a very attractive part of the Procession. They carried a beautiful banner with mottoes and devices peculiar to the order.

The "Sons of Temperance" were represented by delegations from the various Divisions in town. They numbered nearly one hundred, and carried the banner of "Home" Division, with the motto "*We Live to Conquer.*"

The school committee and teachers of the public schools had made every exertion to render that interesting part of the Procession—the schools—as attractive as possible, and their success was evident from the encomiums awarded to it by observers.

First came the Centre High School. Mr. L. P. Martin, teacher, 50 pupils, with a banner adorned with a neatly executed lettering of evergreen giving the name of the school, the date of the celebration, and the motto, "*Virtus in Actione.*"

The South Abington High School followed, with a banner inscribed with the name of the school, and the motto, "*Fortiter, Fideliter, Feliciter.*" Mr. D. H. Brown, teacher, 42 pupils.

Next came the North Abington High School, Mr. J. F. Frye, teacher, 70 pupils. On their banner was the motto, "*Suaviter in modo, Fortiter in re.*" On the reverse was inscribed, "*The love of country prevails,*" with the date of the celebration.

These were followed by the Intermediate Schools as follows:—

Adams Street Intermediate, Miss Maria J. Wales, teacher, 50 pupils. Motto, "*Workers Together.*"

Plymouth Street Intermediate, Miss Mary E. Reed, teacher, 38 pupils. Motto, "*Strive for the Right.*"

Washington Street Intermediate, Miss Elizabeth B. Nash, teacher, 56 pupils. Motto, "*Excelsior,*" with a painting of the aspiring standard bearer.

School Street Intermediate, Miss Ellen Dyer, teacher, 48 pupils. Motto, "*Still Achieving, Still Pursuing.*"

Hancock Street Intermediate, Miss Abby D. Sewall, teacher, 40 pupils. Motto, "*Onward, Right Onward.*"

Ashland Street School, Miss Alice M. Raymond, teacher, 20 pupils. Motto, "*Much in Little,*" with the date.

When the Procession reached the field adjoining the Grove they were joined by the East Abington schools as follows:—

The High School, Mr. B. Fullerton, teacher, 50 pupils. Motto, "*Mens agitat molem*;" on the reverse, a painting, the rising sun.

The three Intermediate Schools—Market Street, Union Street and Webster Street—came next, with a banner with the motto, "*We are Coming*," followed by 165 pupils.

The North Union Street Intermediate, Miss Fidelia A. Hunt, teacher, with 49 pupils, and a banner with the motto, "*The Future is Ours*," brought up the rear.

After music by the South Abington Band, Hon. Levi Reed, President of the Day, delivered the following Introductory Address:—

Fellow-Citizens, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

It devolves upon me, on this interesting occasion, to introduce these exercises by a few remarks in explanation of the reasons that have called us together. One hundred and fifty years ago to-day, on the tenth day of June, 1712, the Colonial Governor of Massachusetts, then under British control, signed the Act which incorporated here the town of Abington. This event, so important in our local history, it is fit—it is eminently proper, we should commemorate.

As individuals we notice our birthdays; annually we celebrate the birth of the nation, and is it strange, that once or twice in a century we come together to honor the memory of our fathers, the first settlers of this then howling wilderness?

We are, perhaps, sometimes in danger of forgetting, in the onward march of events, those homely virtues of the first

settlers of New England, that have made this part of the country the most thrifty and prosperous of any section of the Union.

Industry, temperance, perseverance, a strict regard for truth, a rigid observance of the Sabbath, the establishment of free schools, and an unconquerable attachment to the principles of civil liberty, are all of them virtues, believed in, and practiced by our fathers, whom we should do well to imitate. They came to this country that they might establish here institutions of liberty, founded on the principles of the Word of God. In their *ideas* they were far in advance of the age in which they lived, and here they laid deep and broad those foundations of a free government, that afterwards ripened in full development in the days of the Revolution.

Of the blood of the Puritans this town received its full share, and we should remember what it has done for us, who have inherited this treasure. Our ancestors here built roads and bridges, and dammed these waters, and made this place suitable for the residence of man. Here they lived, and loved, and labored. Here they preached and prayed, and sang praises to the Most High. Here, with stalwart forms and brawny arms, they felled the mighty forests, and opened the virgin soil to the influence of the sunlight and the rain. We cannot pass unnoticed, on an occasion like this, the blessings we have received from them. It is not my part to deliver a eulogy: that duty has been put, to-day, into other and abler hands. But the bones of my ancestors for more than a century lie mouldering in the soil of this town, and should I be silent the very dust under my feet would cry out against me. When the two hundredth anniversary comes round, I shall not be here; but I charge

these children before me—I charge my own descendants who may then be alive, to remember and honor the day.

Such are the men whose worth we this day celebrate. Such are the men who have left us a rich legacy in their example, and have made the nation what it is.

"What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires or turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports;
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
No—men, high-minded men,
Men, who their *duties* know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain;
These constitute a state!"

Such were our fathers, and well will it be for their descendants to keep their memories green, while time shall last, or immortality endure.

A "Hymn of Welcome" furnished for the occasion by Rev. H. D. Walker, was then sung by the children of the public schools to the tune of "Red, White and Blue."

Hail! Abington's sons and her daughters
From all the new homes you have found;
Say, is there a spot in those quarters
Dearer now than your own native ground?
Where we of the new generation,
As we come the old days to review,
And learn to stand true to the Nation,
Now ring out our welcome to you.

Welcome back to the home of your childhood,
Ye who've wandered o'er land and o'er sea;
To our voice now let meadow and wild wood
Echo back the loud notes full and free,
As to God, who can cheer all in sadness,
To God, who will chase every fear,
We lift now the song of our gladness
This Hundred and Fiftieth Year.

Welcome, all who have staid in your places
And been true to your holiest trust;
Who've taught us to mark well the traces
Of the Wise, and the Pure, and the Just:
Oh! be sure that in gladness we greet you,
Friends, relatives gathered around,
Your joy may we be as we meet you
Through another Half Century's bound.

Welcome all, of each age and each station,
And welcome! our Governor true!
Three cheers for the State and the Nation!
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!
Our hearts will in gladness repeat it,
Our pulses all bounding in glee;
With welcome, thrice welcome, we greet it,
Our Abington's third Jubilee!

Prayer was offered by the Chaplain, Rev. Asahel Cobb, of New Bedford, a native of the town.

The following Hymn, contributed by Mrs. E. L. Cummings, of Medford, a native of the town, was then sung, to the tune "America":—

God of our buried sires,
Guard of their altar-fires,
Guide of their way,
Our grateful hearts and tongues
Praise Thee in thankful songs,
To whom all praise belongs!
Bless us to-day.

While to the golden urn
Of hist'ry's page we turn,
Her garnered store
Shows the brave Pilgrim band
Sifted from Father-land,
Wafted by heavenly hand,
To plant our shore.

Now o'er our Fathers' dust,
Firm in their faith and trust,
From us arise
Blessings for Gospel light,
For Halls of Learning bright,
For Freedom, Truth and Right,
Gifts from the skies.

Guard Thou our native town;
Here shed rich blessings down;
'Mid danger's night,
'Mid war's fierce, fiery breath,
Shield her young sons from death;
Preserve her ancient faith:
God speed the right.

At the conclusion of the singing, the President introduced Rev. E. Porter Dyer, of Hingham, as the Orator of the Day.

ORATION.*

Mr. President, and Fellow-Citizens and Friends:—

The occasion of our assembling, to-day, in this beautiful temple of Nature, is one of rare interest. We meet to celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town of Abington. One hundred and fifty years! What a lengthened period! The memory of the oldest inhabitant reaches not back so far. Such a Jubilee has never occurred here before, and in our day will never occur here again. Even the children of to-day, who are ready to ask "What mean ye by this service?"

* In the preparation of this Address, the author has availed himself freely of the labors of others, by gathering from them such facts and statistics as he presumed might be of interest to the citizens of Abington. He acknowledges his indebtedness to Bigelow's Statistics, Barber's Historical Collections, Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts, Morton's Memorials, Dean's History of Scituate, Reed's History of the Reed Family, Thatcher's History of Plymouth, American Quarterly Register, Panoplist, Hobart's History and the Town Records of Abington, and various other publications found at the State House and on the shelves of the Massachusetts Historical Society. He would also express his thanks to Ellis Ames, Esq., of Canton, for valuable documents; to Miss Marcia Thomas, Author of the Memorials of Marshfield; to Rev. Martin Moore, of the Boston Recorder, and especially to Hon. Solomon Lincoln, Author of the History of Hingham, for free access to his valuable private historical library.—E. P. D.

will grow up to manhood and to womanhood, and at length, bending under the infirmities of years, descend to their graves, long before the lapse of time will summon their descendants, as we are now summoned, to review the progress of their native town for a century and a half.

Standing as we now do on the narrow isthmus which separates the Future from the Past, it is not easy to divest ourselves of all interest in those who have gone before us, and especially in the men whose pious forethought, for the welfare of their posterity, led them through sacrifice, and toil, and perils of the wilderness, and heroic self-denial, to secure and transmit to us the inestimable boon of civil and religious liberty.

Our fathers and mothers came hither with the faith of pilgrims and with a pilgrim spirit. Wearied with the oppressions of the old world, and relying on the tender mercy of our God, they sternly resolved to take up their habitation in the desert, where foot of civilized man had never trod, rather than surrender the rights of conscience, or suffer continued persecution in their father-land. They came with the zealous hope of laying the foundations of many generations, and of establishing the Gospel of the Kingdom of God in these then inhospitable wilds. For this they

counted no hardship too severe, no sacrifices too great. All evils in their view seemed light compared with "the abominations they saw practiced in the land they had left, contrary to the revealed will of God." They could not endure the imposition upon their hearts and consciences of any rites or ceremonies which tended to corrupt the spiritual worship of the Most High God. They loved the truth of God,—they loved the kingdom of Jesus. For this they cheerfully consented to privations,—for this they watched, they wept, they prayed;—for this they counted not their lives dear unto themselves; and He who gave Israel a cloud for a covering by day, and a pillar of fire to give light in the night, guided, shielded, supported and defended them. He enabled them to accomplish their desire; He rewarded their faith and self-denial, by giving them a pleasant land and a goodly heritage. He did more than this. He permitted them to transmit to unborn generations "Freedom to worship God." And we their children, who have entered into their labors, have gathered here to-day to pay a just and respectful tribute to their memory. It is fit that the festal board should be spread, and that the scattered children of the household come home, and keep this Jubilee with fervent prayers, with thanksgivings, and with songs of praise. It is fit that we pause in the midst of the

revolving centuries, and at this dividing line between the Future and the Past, erect some humble memorial of our filial gratitude and love. Especially is it becoming in us to commemorate God's great goodness and mercy to our fathers, in confirming them in the lot of their inheritance, when they were but a few men in number, yea, very few and strangers in it.

Much as our thoughts are prone to revel in the gorgeous hopes and pleasing promises of the Future,—much as we are absorbed in the contemplation of the momentous events transpiring in connection with our Present National struggle with hydra-headed rebellion, we cannot and we ought not utterly to ignore the lessons of the Past. It is profitable to pause now and then for retrospection, and to glean from the historic page whatever facts, events, or incidents may indicate the progress of successive generations.

When in 1685 the County of Plymouth was incorporated, it contained twenty-one towns, forty congregational societies, and one hundred and seventy-five ministers. In this number of towns Abington was not included. The Court of Plymouth, however, early had this territory in view for a future town.

As early as 1642, the first grant of land in this town was made by the Colony to Nathaniel Souther. This grant embraced two hundred acres, designated as lying

"above Weymouth path." Souther, to whom the grant was made, was chosen six years before, as the first secretary of Plymouth Colony; thirty-seven years afterwards he sold his title to James Lovell of Weymouth, who purchased for himself and Andrew Ford. On the land thus granted and conveyed and since known as Ford's Farm, the first settlement in this town was probably made in about 1668.

Andrew Ford's house is supposed to have stood not far from where Deacon Joseph Cleverly now lives. In 1654, a grant of land three miles square, beginning at Accord Pond, and bounded easterly by the Scituate line, was made to Timothy Hatherly, then a resident of Scituate, a devout Christian, and a prominent and influential citizen in the Colony. Other grants of land were subsequently made to the heirs of Clement Briggs, to Phineas Pratt, James Lovell, Cornet Robert Stetson, Lieut. Peregrine White, Lieut. James Torrey, Lieut. John Holbrook, Ensign Mark Eames, and probably to some others.

Whatever might be the Indian titles to any of these lands, government required that they should be scrupulously extinguished, and no person was allowed to receive from any Indian a land title as a gift.

Manamooskeagen, the name by which the territory of this township was known to the Indians, was so

called because its brooks abounded in beavers. It was principally taken from the east part of Bridgewater.

The town is described in Barber's Historical Collections as "situated on elevated land between Massachusetts and Narraganset Bays." Between these Bays, it is probably the highest elevation, for all the watercourses lead out of town, and none into it. In the Massachusetts Historical Collections, the land is said to be of a moist, strong soil, and the best grazing district in the county. The south-east part of the town was swampy and rocky, and from this circumstance was known both before the incorporation of the town and for a long time after, by the significant name of "Little Comfort."

The first county road in town was the road now leading from East Bridgewater, by Edmund Gurney's house and by the South and Centre Meeting-houses, to Weymouth. It was laid out in 1690, and was the road from Middleborough to Boston. At the period of the incorporation of the town, there was only one other county road. That led from Hanson to Weymouth, through what is now called "Plymouth Street."

There were probably not above forty families resident in town in 1712. Among these are recorded the names of Ford, Joselyn, Chard, Shaw, Reed, Dyer, Gurney, Tirrel, Jackson, Hersey, Whitmarsh, Porter,

Harden, Nash, Bates, Lincoln, Pool, Noyes, and French.

On the fourth day of July, 1706, a petition was presented to the General Court, for an Act of incorporation. The petitioners were directed to return a map or plan of the territory described in their petition, and, subsequently, to ascertain what sum the inhabitants and proprietors were willing to pay annually, for the support of an able, learned and orthodox minister. As the means of the people were probably inadequate to enable the petitioners to report a satisfactory sum, the subject was deferred. A few years later, on the presentation of a new petition, the prayer of the petitioners was granted, and on the tenth day of June, 1712, the General Court passed an Act of incorporation which constituted this territory the town of Abington. (Appendix, A.)

Previous to this event, there were within the limits of the town, three saw-mills. The first was John Porter's, built in 1693, on the dam near Benjamin Hobart's, in South Abington. The second, of Nash and Pool, was built about 1700, on the same stream, near where Gurney's Tack Factory now stands, yonder. The third, in 1703, by Thaxter, of Hingham, near the present site of Beal's corn-mill, in East Abington.

The early establishment of these mills confirms what history has recorded, that Abington formerly furnished large quantities of masts and square timber, which found a market in the sea-board towns.

The first religious society in this town probably embraced all the inhabitants of the settlement. The first Church, formed about 1712, had eight male members, embracing the names of Brown, Hersey, Ford, Tirrel, Whitmarsh, Joselyn, Reed, and Lincoln. The first meeting-house was a rude structure, unpainted, without steeple and without pews. Between the years 1750 and 1760, a new meeting-house was finished, and furnished with a bell of six hundred pounds. In 1770, this bell was re-cast by Colonel Aaron Hobart, who established one of the earliest bell foundries in the country. This second meeting-house was more fashionable. It had pews and a sounding-board. At a legal town meeting, held July 8, 1751, it was voted "*to color the meeting-house with a skie color & mixe the color with Lincett oyl.*" It was also voted, that all the north end of the meeting-house should be left for the women. Nothing is said about an organ, or a clock, or even a furnace or a stove, such as adorn some of the more costly and elegant churches in town at the present day. In 1819, this house was taken down to give place to another, which has since been

converted into Hatherly Hall, while the society now worships in a more modern, more convenient, and more costly house, erected within a few years on the north-east corner of the Rev. Mr. Niles's homestead.

The first minister of this town was Rev. Samuel Brown, of Newbury. He graduated at Harvard University in 1709, began to preach in Abington two years afterwards, and in 1714 was ordained and settled. The first entry made in your town records embraces the articles of agreement between the inhabitants of Abington and Mr. Brown. The town generously gave him, at his settlement, sixty acres of land for a homestead, with a salary of £48, which was afterwards increased to £70. They showed him numerous other tokens of their kindness and interest in his temporal welfare. In the earlier years of his ministry, Mr. Brown appears to have been an acceptable preacher, and to have lived in harmony with the people. Difficulties at length arose; Whitfield appeared; Mr. Brown took a decided stand against him. Other difficulties arose. The sect called "New Lights" sprung up, and after a ministry of thirty-seven years, he resigned the pastorate, and died in 1749, aged sixty-two years.

In addition to the care of so extended a parish, the care of a farm, and the care of a family, Mr. Brown,

like many of the clergymen of his day, employed a portion of his *leisure* in practicing medicine, both in this and in the neighboring towns, and is said to have had quite an extensive practice.

In seven or eight months after Mr. Brown's decease, Mr. Ezekiel Dodge, of Ipswich, was ordained as his successor. He also was a graduate of Harvard. He was an amiable and estimable man; prudent and discreet, learned and devout, zealous and firm; he commanded the respect and secured the affections of his people; and after a diligent and peaceful ministry of twenty years, among the people of his first love, he died suddenly of apoplexy, in the forty-eighth year of his age. The town defrayed the expenses of his funeral, and according to the custom of that period, presented gold rings to the widow and the bearers.

His successor was Rev. Samuel Niles, of Braintree, a graduate of Princeton. He was ordained in 1771.

Mr. Niles was a man of more than ordinary note. He is presented to us, in the "American Quarterly Register," as possessed of a "vigorous intellect, and a heart imbued with the true spirit of the Gospel. He was an able and faithful minister, and though fond of metaphysical investigations, he did not neglect the oracles of God, but made them the standard of his faith and the rule of his life." Dr. Strong, of Randolph,

in his obituary notice of him, and the late Dr. Emmons, of Franklin, confirm this testimony. From them we learn that his manner of preaching was plain, luminous, solemn and impressive; and that his sermons were full of weighty and solemn truths. He was a very agreeable, interesting, and hospitable man. With a large heart, deep knowledge of human nature, and a mind capable of grasping great truths in Philosophy, Politics, and Religion, he made his mark upon the character and customs of this people, and so deported himself during a ministry of forty years, as to leave a name more revered, and an influence for good more widely and permanently felt in this town, than that of any other man. So fervent were his public prayers and so impressive was his eloquence in the pulpit, it was impossible to sit under his preaching with levity or with indifference. Mr. Niles represented this town at the General Court from 1808 till 1811, when a stroke of paralysis cut him off from the active duties of his calling, and the years which remained to him were years of infirmity and pain. Yet he bowed submissively to the rod of the chastener, and in the sixty-ninth year of his age breathed out his spirit unto God who gave it.

Those who never saw Mr. Niles, except on public occasions, might have regarded him as a very stern

and austere man. But in social life he was far otherwise. He was dignified indeed, but Dr. Emmons describes him as especially entertaining in private circles, by the flashes of his wit, and his curious and amusing and striking and pertinent anecdotes. I know not that any of those anecdotes are recorded. But I remember to have heard my grandfather say that Mr. Niles was fond of exciting wonder, by relating incidents bordering on the marvellous, and he gave this as a specimen. I once had occasion, said Mr. Niles, to go into the woods with a yoke of cattle and a pair of forward wheels, to procure a stick of timber. The stick was forty feet long. I had chained up the but-end under the axle, and left the other end to drag on the ground. I started my team into the cart path, and went back for a few moments. When I returned and overtook my team the cattle were proceeding quietly along, but the stick of timber had changed ends and was fairly loaded on the top of the axle. This was doubtless a fact—the like might occur again in a stony and stumpy cart path—but how it happened was at the time to some a complete marvel.

In 1807, a new church was formed in the south part of the town. Some of the citizens of East Bridgewater united with the citizens of that part of the town and organized a society, which was incorporated in Febru-

ary, 1808, as the Union Calvinistic Society. A new meeting-house, with two steeples, was erected on land given by the late Ebenezer Porter, and dedicated June first of the same year. Rev. Daniel Thomas, of Middleborough, a graduate of Brown University, was ordained their pastor the same day. He was a man of very exemplary moral and Christian character. In public, he was grave, gentle, modest and firm; in private, social, entertaining and instructive. He was not what might be termed an eloquent man, and yet neither during his long ministry of upwards of thirty years, nor since his decease, do I remember ever to have heard any man accuse him of levity in conduct or of unsoundness in the faith.

In 1813, the Third Congregational Society was incorporated in East Abington, and a church was organized with fifteen members. Their first meeting-house was raised fifty years ago yesterday, on a lot of land given by the late David Hersey. It was erected in a bush pasture, near a forest of pines, and nearly half a mile from any public road. That house was afterwards enlarged, and has since given place to one of the finest houses of worship in the county.

Of this society Rev. Samuel Colburn, a graduate of Dartmouth, was the first pastor, and continued his ministry as a faithful watchman and under shepherd

for about sixteen years. His successors are still living.

These societies were colonies from the First Society during the life of Mr. Niles. Since that period no less than six new societies of various sects have been formed, and beautiful houses of worship have been erected for their accommodation, as all may see in this and other sections of the town. These societies are of the denominations of Baptist, New Jerusalem, Methodist Episcopal, Congregational, and Universalist.

But these are modern matters, and the sun would sink to his pavilion long before I could chronicle the events worthy of record, or rehearse the marvellous progress of this town from its small beginnings to its present high rank in population, wealth, manufactures and intelligence.

It would be pleasant to dwell on many matters touching the early history of the town, beginning with the first public school in 1724, taught by Samuel Porter, senior, and glance at the vote of the town in 1747 to draw £50 from the treasury for the support of women's schools, and then point you to the universities, and colleges, and seminaries, where scores of the sons and daughters of Abington have since sought to lay a foundation for usefulness, by drinking at the fountains of classical learning; and then to stretch out the hand

and point you to the lesser institutions of learning which now rise up in every section of your town, supported by your generosity, for the benefit of those who are soon to enter into your labors. And at this point we might pause to congratulate you, citizens of Abington, that you still cherish the same regard for the educational and religious welfare of your successors which animated the bosoms of your worthy sires a century and a half ago. (Appendix, B.)

It would be pleasant to trace the history of manufactures in this town, from the period when Colonel Aaron Hobart first cast cannon balls and cannon for the war of the Revolution, to the present hour. But we can only glance at a few of the more prominent items. Thread of flax was formerly manufactured here to some extent, and woollen fabrics and tow cloth were early woven in many a domestic loom. In 1813, David Pool and Josiah Holbrook, of this town, published in Providence, R. I., an octavo volume entitled, "The American and European Harmony, or Abington Collection of Sacred Music."* Abington has had also its manufactories of cabinet work, of carriages, of leather, of saddles, trunks and harnesses, and bricks,

* The chorister of the third church in Abington, Mr. David Holbrook, brother of Josiah, has, since the celebration, put into my hands a copy of this Collection.

and still has its manufactures of iron and tin ware, of bread, confectionery, of clothing, and of excellent soap. But those branches to which chief attention has been paid, and which have over-shadowed all the rest, are box-making, tack-making and shoemaking. I know not who made the first boxes, the first nails, or the first shoes in town; but the names of Elihu and Benjamin Hobart, Esquires, are prominent as pioneers in the history of the tack manufactures. I cannot remember so far back as fifty years, for I was not then an inhabitant of the town. But I well remember the original "*tack tool*," invented by Ezekiel Reed, of this town, for heading cut tacks; and that successive improvements were afterwards made in machinery for tacks and brads, by Col. Jesse Reed, his son, and by Blanchard, Rogers and Otis, of other towns. On the original machines, tacks were simply headed, and it required some experience for a diligent and skilful hand to head eight thousand tacks in a day. Subsequently tacks were manufactured, cut and headed at a single operation by horse-power, afterwards by water-power, and now by steam, at the rate of from one hundred to two hundred thousand a day. For a fuller account of this branch of industry and source of wealth, as for many other historical matters of local interest, reference may be made to the valuable

"Historical Reminiscences," published in the "Abington Standard," during the last two years, by Benjamin Hobart, Esq., of South Abington, who probably knows more of the history of this branch of business in this town, than any man living.

The extensive boot and shoe business of Abington is of more recent growth. I well remember the days when, in this town, the shoemaker and cobbler combined in one, went from village to village and from house to house, like a bishop on his circuit, to "do up" the making and mending of shoes for a neighborhood, and when Major Humble made rich music on his lapstone, for the ears of expectant children, who had the promise of their new winter shoes the week before Thanksgiving,—and now, the eyes of nearly half the world look to the boot and shoe manufactories of Abington for fashionable soles and serviceable understandings.

One prominent reason why no more extensive manufactures prevailed here in former years, is found in the fact already stated, that Abington is better adapted by nature for agriculture than for manufactures, since it contains the best soil for grazing in Plymouth County. Cattle were early kept here in large herds, sheep in great flocks. Page after page of your town records is filled with descriptions of the cattle-marks

of various proprietors, and votes regulating the management of flocks and herds. Abington was then to Plymouth, Marshfield, and the shore towns, "*away up country*," and probably furnished large quantities of butter and cheese for market. While the shore towns engaged in fisheries, Abington probably furnished meats, flax, masts, lumber, and various other products of agriculture for their consumption. September 4, 1774. The town voted that no flax-seed should be sold to any person whatsoever, to go to sea, without approbation of the Continental Congress or of General Court of this Colony.

While the manufactures of Abington have wonderfully increased, its agricultural products have proportionately decreased. In 1845, there were kept in town four hundred and forty swine, ten years later only one hundred and fifty-four. The decrease in the product of Indian corn alone, from 1845 to 1850, was more than three hundred bushels. That of wheat, barley, oats, and rye, in proportion. In 1816, Abington was distinguished as the leading town in the county for fresh beef, mutton, &c. In 1850, there were in town, eighty oxen; ten years later only sixty, and only two sheep.* This decrease in agricultural products is the

* This statement with regard to sheep, taken from Bigelow's Statistics compiled from valuation returns, I learn is erroneous. There have never been in town so few sheep, though the number is very small.

more to be regretted as the arable lands of Abington are generally strong and productive, so strong and so productive that in 1845 there were raised of potatoes, in this town, 24,509 bushels. Another reason, probably, why manufactures were not more extensively established here in early years, is found in the great elevation of the town, and the consequent shallowness of the water-courses, so that there was no water-power to tempt the establishment of mills, save that which was early improved for corn and saw-mills. The whole number of acres of land in Abington was found by actual survey in 1860 to be 16,106 acres, of which upwards of 1,300 acres are covered with wood and water.

When we look abroad over the villages which rise to-day in every section of this town, and look into the public schools, and see there the seventeen hundred children between the ages of five and fifteen, and who with mottoed banners are so beautifully represented here to-day, observe the numerous temples where a majority of them, we would hope, are instructed from the pulpit and in the Sabbath schools; when we count the numerous habitations where they dwell, many of them elegant and expensive structures; when we survey the lovely cemeteries set apart and consecrated for the repose of the departed, and listen to the hum

of industry which pervades all portions of the town and which reveals the medium of all this wealth and prosperity, we find it difficult to go back even in imagination, to that distant period when the Massakeesets roamed through the haunts of nature here, and claimed the privilege of hunting the moose, the deer and the bear in these wilds, and fishing for troutlets in these streams; when the Indian paddled his light canoe along this unfettered stream, and heard only the growl of the bear, the howl of the wolf and the screaming of the eagle. Then Wampatuck, the son of Chickatabut, claimed dominion here, as the Sachem of his tribe, and the smoke of the wigwam may have risen from the very spot where we are assembled. It is difficult, I say, amid all this progress of civilized life, to go back to the period when the primal trees stood here an unbroken forest, covered with the moss of centuries, and conceive of the red man employing all his sagacity and skill in hunting the bear, and entrapping the beaver, just as his tawny predecessors had done ages before him. Yet more than a century after the Mayflower discharged her precious cargo on Plymouth Rock, and fourteen years after the incorporation of this town, I find a record which states that on application of Scituate and eight families of Abington to be set off to that town, the

inhabitants of this town in their dissent, give the following reasons: First, that there were but fifty-three families in town, five of whom were lately married and lived under the roofs of others, six of them were widows, and of the rest, some of them were so poor that they were not rated, but had need of support from the town; and Second, that only the easterly part of the town was then fit for settlement.

At this time, 1726, Abington was altogether the poorest town in Plymouth County. In the list of the Province taxes for that year, the tax of Abington was only £35 4s 8d, while that of Scituate (then including Hanover) was £317 6s. At that period there was not a town in the whole county which was not taxed considerably more than twice as much as Abington. In 1751, twenty-five years later, out of fourteen towns in the county, Abington was the ninth in point of wealth. In 1800, Abington was the eighth town; in 1830, the sixth; in 1851, the fourth; and in 1861, the valuation of Abington by the State, greatly exceeded that of any other town in the county; and while the whole State taxes of Scituate, South Scituate and Hanover were only $5,958, those of Abington alone were $7,578. (Appendix, C.)

When I call to mind these feeble beginnings and then look upon the thrift and prosperity of my native

town to-day, embracing a population of near eight thousand six hundred souls, I am tempted to exclaim, behold, what hath God wrought!

In looking over the record of men who have held prominent positions in the town in former years, I find the names of many, whose descendants are still with you. Conspicuous among them stands the name of Woodbridge Brown, the son of the first minister of the town.* Besides filling the office of Town Clerk, and various other town offices, he represented the town in General Court for a period of sixteen years—beginning with the May and June session, 1759, and ending in 1777. He was a staunch foe to oppression, and a worthy and valuable member of society. In the House of Representatives he made his influence felt. He was a prominent politician of that day, and is mentioned by name in Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts,† as one of the most active and zealous members of the House of Representatives, in opposition to the measures of the British Parliament. He was a delegate to the Convention in Boston in 1768, to the first Provincial Congress in Salem in 1774, and to the second at Cambridge in the year following. One of

* Woodbridge Brown, son of Rev. Samuel and Dorothy, was born Sept. 28, 1714. Besides his civil honors, he attained the military title of captain.

† Vol. 3, page 338, Note.

his great grandsons, Hon. Jared Whitman, is with us to-day. Dr. David Jones was also a prominent man in town at this period. He was a delegate to the third Provincial Congress at Watertown in 1775, to the Convention at Concord in 1779, and also at Cambridge in the autumn of the same year, to form a Constitution for the State. Col. Aaron Hobart, whose son is also with us to-day, was likewise a distinguished citizen; he represented the town in General Court from 1793 to 1806, inclusive. Of his grandsons, Elihu was a prominent pioneer in the tack manufactures in this town, and Hon. Aaron, of East Bridgewater, was at one time a representative in Congress, afterwards a Judge of Probate for the County of Plymouth, and author of a Historical Sketch of Abington. William Reed, Town Clerk of Abington for the first six years, and afterwards employed in various offices, appears to have been a prominent and valuable citizen. He is represented here to-day by numerous descendants, and among them by the Chairman of the Selectmen of Abington, and in the person of the Auditor of the State, Hon. Levi Reed, President of the Day. But I may not pursue this history. The famous Abington Resolves of 1770, full of determined and patriotic zeal, were highly honorable to the town and attracted great attention as noble resolves, both in this country and in

Great Britain. Their author was Joseph Greenleaf, Esq., then a citizen of Abington. (Appendix, D.)

For military ardor Abington has always been distinguished. In the old French war which lasted seven years, and closed in 1763, and when the population of the town was only about 1,200, it appears that Abington furnished about eighty men. In the Revolutionary war, Abington was prompt and ready with men and means for the defence of civil liberty, and stood foremost among the towns of Plymouth County in the maintenance of American Independence. (Appendix, E.) In the war of 1812 she was nobly represented by her brave soldiers, some of whom are with us to-day, to share our gratitude and participate in this festival. (Appendix, F.) I need not tell you that hundreds of others of her noble sons have more recently responded to their country's call, buckled on their armor and marched to the tented field—rejoicing in the hope, that when they shall return in the gleam of their arms, the woes of oppression in this land will be extinguished forever, and that our country will thenceforth be, what our fathers meant it should be,

"The land of the Free, and the home of the Brave."

In conclusion, permit me to congratulate you, Mr. President, and you fellow-citizens of Abington, on the

almost unparalleled growth of this town during the lapse of a century and a half. I have aimed to present for your consideration, some of the points of interest in the early history of the town, that by contrast of the present with the past, we might derive some wholesome lessons.

From the fact that your fathers, the primitive settlers, left their earlier homes in the shore towns of Weymouth, Hingham, and Scituate, and pushed out boldly into the wilderness, you know that they were men of enterprise, relying on God and on their own right arms. When you contemplate their privations, the perils they encountered, the self-denial they practiced and the hardships they endured, you know that they were men who had some great and worthy object in view. They labored in hope, sustained and cheered by a faith which gave substance to the things they hoped for.

As soon as the blue smoke began to curl upwards from their rude dwellings, in the clearings they had made in the forest, and while yet they were scarce provided with the necessaries of life for themselves and for their children, you see them animated with the same spirit which brought the band of the Mayflower over and cheerfully making heavy sacrifices for the establishment among them of a preached Gospel.

They and their immediate descendants settled their ministers for life, and gave each a handsome settlement, and each successive minister laid his plans for a life-long ministry of usefulness. As soon as they were able, they established the public school. They made liberal appropriations for its support, and because they exercised such prudent foresight and made such cheerful provision for the intellectual and spiritual benefit of all the inhabitants of the town, their children's children rise up and call them blessed. Full well they knew that civil and religious liberty must have their foundation in the virtue and intelligence of the people.

After all we have said, you know full well, fellow-citizens, that not to our fathers, but to our fathers' God, belong the honors of this day. For has He not said, them that honor me I will honor, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed?

Lift up your eyes now and look backward to the dim past; look over the century and a half whose anniversary we celebrate to-day. Lift up your eyes over all the towns in this county, and picture in imagination, if you can, their early advantages for growth and progress compared with Abington, and then tell me where among them all has there been a beginning so feeble, a love of freedom and a hatred of

oppression so marked and uniform, an expansion so rapid, a progress and prosperity so wonderful and so great? (Appendix, G.) Look again, and tell me which of all these towns has been so earnestly and faithfully instructed in the knowledge and service of the Son of God, and so careful to maintain, in its simplicity and purity against every form of error, the religious faith of the Pilgrims? Long may the smile of God rest on this town,—its prosperity continue, and its intelligence, patriotism, and piety, make it the glory of the County and an honor to the State.

Music by the South Abington Band followed, thus concluding the exercises of the forenoon.

At the close of the exercises in the grove, a procession was formed in nearly the same order as before, and proceeded to dinner. A large tent had been erected near the entrance to the grove, where Messrs. Reed & Noyes had provided dinner for seven hundred and fifty persons. Many were unable to procure tickets to the dinner, the supply having been exhausted early in the morning.

The assembly having taken their places at the tables and quiet being restored, the President of the Day called upon the Chaplain, who invoked a blessing.

After the refreshments had been partaken of, the President introduced the intellectual repast in the following remarks:—

Hallowed be the day, forever hallowed be the day, as each returning half century brings around the time that commemorates the natal day of the town of Abington.

We are especially fortunate to-day in having with us the Governor of the Commonwealth, who, laying aside the cares of State, meets with us to honor the day. We welcome here also the members of the Executive Council, who visit us. We welcome home especially those sons and daughters of Abington who have been induced from any cause, whether of business or pleasure, to take up their residence abroad. I, also, have lived much away, and after all my wanderings have returned and settled in the old town, and from my heart can say, "with all thy faults I love thee still."

At the conclusion of his remarks, the President introduced Mr. Samuel N. Cox, the Toast-master,* who announced the regular sentiments † as follows:—

1. *The President of the United States.*

Responded to by the Weymouth Band. "Hail to the Chief."

* The Toast-master takes this method to acknowledge his indebtedness to several gentlemen, who kindly furnished sentiments for the occasion.

† It was greatly regretted that some of the sentiments could not be responded to for want of time, but gentlemen who would have spoken, had time permitted, have very kindly furnished such remarks as they would otherwise have made.

2. *The Commonwealth of Massachusetts.*

His Excellency Gov. Andrew, being called upon, replied as follows:—

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

I apprehend the President of your gathering to-day will find hereafter that he has an account to settle with me which, although he is the *Auditor* of the Commonwealth, he will find it difficult to adjust.

I perceive that on your programme of performances upon this most interesting occasion, I am written down and underlined for a speech. Now I always try to keep my engagements. And in this presence I will make no accusations against any body else; but if it should turn out to be any disappointment to any ladies or gentlemen present that they should receive no speech from your humble servant, it will neither be their misfortune nor my fault. Though I attempt no speech, I am exceedingly happy, as the official representative of this grand old Commonwealth of ours, to make some humble response in the spirit of that sentiment, with which,—while you, men and women of Abington, are celebrating to-day the history, the lives, the achievements, the virtues and conquests of your ancestors,—you have paused a moment to recollect the Commonwealth, the mother, the guardian, the guide, and the protector of us all.

You would not ask that any one not native to your soil, not to the manor born, should attempt to speak to you of them, of the venerable men from whom you sprung, nor to presume to relate their history. This very air whispers now in our ears of their lives and their aspirations. These groves are vocal now with echoing notes of their voices, their indus-

try, their prayers, their hopes. One who has a right to speak for the fathers and the mothers of Abington, being himself one of their children, has woven together in artistic story to-day, presented in the form of graceful speech, the substance and outline of their annals; and another of their sons will make music in poetic numbers as he too again rehearses the tale.

The Past sometimes is said to be ours, and sometimes only the Present. I think that the Future alone can be called our own. The Past is inexorable; its history is written; it stands in imperishable record. Its memory may be forgotten, but still it is there. No prayers or tears of ours can change its character or efface a line or blot. The Present passes, and escapes from our grasp even while we are trying to hold it. But the Future is before us and sure to us all. Of that no man can be defeated or defrauded; it is ours by a promise as unerring and sure as the fiat of God. And, Mr. President, friends and fellow-citizens, as a part of the people of the Commonwealth of that Massachusetts you gratefully remember, so in our capacity as a part of the people of our Federal Union of States, we have a hand and voice in the creation of a greater Future, more brilliant, more noble, more blessed to humanity, and more true and just to God, than any Past known yet to mortals. Of what worth were it to remember how great and good were the fathers and mothers from whom we sprung, of what value to our souls, and to our happiness here or hereafter, were it to be unable to forget that they were brave and virtuous, that they were industrious, faithful and pious, devoted lovers of man and fearers of God, if we by any selfishness or cowardice of ours should permit ourselves to be untrue to their history, to their faith and their doctrine? The providence of

Almighty God sends to every people its own blessing and its own trial. The brightest blessing and the surest one to men is a certain deliverance out of every trial—to every people who are worthy to be delivered.

You, Sir, have heard to-day reference to that which is frequently in your thoughts—the struggles of the early forefathers, and of the men of later date, the men of the Revolution, and the men of that later war of independence, (some of whose illustrious representatives, with their whitened hairs, honor these festivities.) And you turn, sadly yet fondly, from those subjects and reminiscences, to contemplate the experiences of this very hour—at once a contrast and a correspondence. Those men fought, sometimes against savage foes, alien to their blood, sometimes against foreign foes, alien to the soil; but the men of Massachusetts and of loyal America to-day fight against savage foes, and yet *neither* alien to their blood nor soil! "Our most familiar friend" has lifted up his heel against us. Our enemies have come to be "those of our own household," therefore the bitterer the sorrow, the keener the anguish, the more trying and dreadful the encounter; but yet the sterner and more unconquerable the solemn duty. And well have the men and the women of Massachusetts performed it. Well have they met and performed the solemn task of dreadful war. More than forty thousand of her sons—bravest and best—have been poured out from her teeming lap. Fighting to-day, they stand, wherever floats our country's starry banner, on land or sea, on lake or winding river, ploughing through perilous morasses, scaling mountain heights, or in the sharpest battle encountering the foe, steel to steel. There they stand, representatives of true New England character. Who without tears could read the gallant conduct of our Tenth Regiment,

forming the other day at the battle of "Fair Oaks," in the place assigned them, and standing fast while out from the cover of the sheltering woods there came the stealthy and noiseless step of the subtle foe, to pour in upon their flank and rear his deadly fire? And yet those Massachusetts boys from Berkshire hills and the Connecticut valley, who at last harvest were putting the sickle to the grain,—who mowed the grass last summer on the Hoosack and the Housatonic, and shocked the corn in the valley of the Connecticut only last year—stood firm and brave before the dreadful carnage, closed up their thinning ranks, and dressed up to line as if upon parade. Their column thinned once more, they close up again. And four times did these brave boys re-form their ranks, and at last, with desperate courage, aided by the Seventh—gathered here mainly from your counties of Plymouth and Bristol, they and the unsurpassed Fifteenth, of Worcester, charged home upon the enemy, carrying victory upon their banners, and death upon their bayonets.

From the battle of Bull Run, from Ball's Bluff, from the Peninsula, near Yorktown, from wherever a shot has been fired for Liberty and Union, to the banks of the Mississippi, even to Pea Ridge, in distant Arkansas, there have the sons of New England stood, and I, as an humble representative of the Commonwealth, have marched a silent mourner by the bier of a son of Massachusetts who fell at the head of the regiment he so gallantly led, the head of the foremost column on the bloody, but at last victorious field of Shiloh. Nowhere, but a Massachusetts boy, a son of the old Bay State, has stood in the attitude of a soldier with the heart of the freeman and patriot, to die, if need be, like a man.

Who shall see the end of all this? To what ken, but the prescience of Almighty God is it possible to know when,

where, how, by what means, or with what precise result all this shall end. How many more of these fair flowers of the forest, of the field, of the town; how many bright hopes of our young manhood, how many of the blossoms of our youth, the hopes of the fathers and the mothers—shall fall beneath this terrible shock and curse of war? To Him alone who counts the hairs of our heads and watches the sparrow's flight and fall, is it possible to answer that question. But to the faithful heart, to the believing soul, to the firm patriot, to the true sons of our fathers, the ultimate answer to that question is not insecure. He who blessed them in the past and rewarded their fidelity, shall bless us in the future, if while we are true to that flag—our country's ensign—we are true to the *principles* of our government, true to its union and to its LIBERTY; faithful to every duty, as the onward providence of events shall point it out. Faithful, firm, brave and serene, in the presence of danger, joyful in every triumph, serene in every disaster, let our people stand, and whatever duty shall be revealed day by day, let them be prepared to do. If there is any mistake of duty it is not in the mass of the American people. If there is any misunderstanding, it is not in the judgment, the conscience, or the heart of our people. They are freer to follow than their leaders are to lead. If there is any blunder in the politics, the policy, the philosophy or the faith of the country, it is in that reluctance, that hesitancy, upon the part of many men who, through their control of the press, and in their capacity as representative men, are thus in some sort leaders of the people.

One element, often left out of the estimate of public men, has been the disaster of public policy. Our people are educated in literature, religion, in morals, in business, in public

affairs—educated not only in their own persons, but in the persons of their fathers before them. Intelligence is native to us, in our blood and in our bones; so that he who does not count into all his calculations touching public affairs this element, to wit, the instinctive sagacity and sense of the American people, commits a blunder greater than a crime, which not all the waters of the Mississippi can wash out. Now, Sirs, I stand here not to be a prophet; I am here only by your courtesy and sufferance. I am not bold enough to make myself stand in the category of leadership to any body, but as one of the humblest of the people, as one of the sons of a Massachusetts sire, born and nurtured, and educated in the midst of the affairs and duties of humble, common life, with sympathy—according to my capacity for intelligent sympathy—with men because they are human, as well as because they are neighbors or friends, I dare say that the people of Massachusetts will discover and will pursue with deliberate wisdom, but with the enthusiasm of faith, the policy of duty. They will follow the suggestions of wisdom, and justice, and truth, and humanity, and patriotism, and right, in their own breasts, and following in that they shall assist to re-gather the broken fragments of our Union. They shall go forward in the restoration of peace to our distracted country. They shall lead in building on the sure foundations of eternal right, with which all institutions must be compatible or never endure. And your children, and your children's children, down to the latest hour of future time, gathering here in this pleasant grove, or wheresoever they may be wont to assemble on their days of rejoicing—though centuries shall have rolled away—shall

call you blessed, more blessed than the fathers which you commemorate to-day.

And now, Mr. President, may I dare to say that in whatever work or duty which may be assigned to any one of us, we shall not be faithless. Shall we not pledge ourselves on this solemn anniversary as well as joyful festival, in the midst of the trying and severe tasks which surround us, to a pious and faithful devotedness, in the humble hope that as God was to our fathers, so shall he be to us and our children, because we will to follow after Him,—and that as he led Israel by the pillar of cloud by day and his pillar of fire by night, so we will follow after the signs of our time the leadings of that same Providence, whether we see those signs in the heavens above, or whether we read those intimations on the heart itself. But, Sirs, in scanning the horizon of human affairs in order to discern the signs of the times, let us not commit the fatal error of studying only the floating clouds to follow the blowing of the winds.

A friend and disciple of General Jackson, once told me that the patriotic old hero, although the idol of the people in his time, the most powerful of popular leaders in his capacity to concentrate the affection and trust of the people around his own person, was a conspicuous example of indifference to momentary clamor, and of confidence that the honest intelligence of the people would sustain him in doing right; and that it might almost literally be said that when he wished to discover popular sentiment, *he looked into his own heart.* And knowing that he had a brave and honest heart of his own, he trusted to the sympathy and agreement of all brave and honest men.

And now, Mr. President, thanking you and your associates, the people of Abington, the sons and daughters of this

ancient and prosperous town, for the opportunity of partaking in the festivities of this anniversary, I give you as a sentiment,

The brave and honest heart.

At the close of the Governor's remarks the President called for three cheers for Governor Andrew, which were given with a hearty good will.

The South Abington Band then played an appropriate piece of music.

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3. *The Natural Productions of Abington.*—Although they are somewhat limited, yet we are not destitute of native poets, upon whose resources we have not hesitated to call, and whose response has been most cordial.

James Wilson Ward, Jr., Esq., of Guilford, Conn., being introduced to the assembly, delivered the following Poem.

The Muses of old—so we have been told—
  Were very accomplished young ladies;
And they had for their beaux, every school-boy knows,
  All the poets on earth and in Hades.

And the rhymesters e'en now are all raising a row,
  And bowing and scraping before them.
Though over fourscore, old spinsters of yore,
  What a crowd of young fellows adore them.

I must own I can't yet bear a faded coquette,
  And I'm not such a tame-hearted kitten
As to go and propose, where all the world knows,
  I am sure to get the mitten.

So I'll *call* the grapes sour, and keep clear of the bower
Where the tuneful nine are reposing;
Though bewitching they be,—between you and me,
They can just keep on with their dozing.

No heathenish Muse can ever infuse
Inspiration sufficient to guide me;
But for fear I shall faint, I invoke every saint
To come down and stand beside me.

The saint above all upon whom I would call,
Is the patron saint of leather,
Who has blessed this town with a fair renown
And called its children together.

Then a song let us raise in Saint Crispin's praise
For his kindly watchfulness o'er us,
Till the quivering ground echoes back the sound
Of our wild tumultuous chorus.

Our shoemakers here wince not at a sneer,
Whether coming from foe or neighbor.
Though fools may deride, there's an honest pride
And a dignity in labor.

When rebel lords with maudlin words
Prate loudly of "greasy mechanics,"
Our craftsmen abide at their benches in pride
And show us no Bull-Run panics.

Would that all were acquaint with that glorious saint,
The saint of the awl and the hammer—
An example sublime to the men of our time,
Who fill the world with their clamor.

Though nobly born, he did not scorn
At the shoemaker's bench to labor.
Where a great heart is shown, the bench is a throne,
And the lowliest seat, Mount Tabor.

The shoe in his hand grew sacred and grand
As proudly he wrought at the leather;
And I seem to read now, on his kingly brow—
"Here Virtue and Skill meet together."

At humanity's call he labored for all,
And all mankind were his brothers;
Like his blessed Lord he preached the good word,
And lived all his life for others.

In the stillness at night, by a candle's light
He plied his diligent hammer,
And continued by day to preach and to pray
In spite of opposing clamor.

When in death he bowed, a title more proud
Than crown or knightly garter
Can ever give, was his to receive—
God's own thrice blessed martyr.

And the people of France, his fame to enhance,
Built a temple of stately splendor,
Where shoemakers came to honor the name
Of their patron and defender.

That cathedral of yore stands majestic no more
With its arches broad and ample;
But that saint has a shrine in your heart and mine,
And Abington is his temple.

There comes from a source—trustworthy of course—
This very authentic tradition,
That the saint, worn out by the noise and the rout,
Left Europe upon a mission.

He sought for rest in the land of the West,
Far over the rolling waters;
And he found him a home 'neath the heaven's broad dome,
With the pilgrim sons and daughters.

As he gazed around o'er the unbroken ground,
Exploring the wilderness nation,
He beheld a grove, such as fairies love,
And selected this location.

"Ah, here I'll abide," the old saint cried,
"And here my craft I will nourish,
All around this lake, a town I will make,
And by my help it shall flourish."

Thus has Abington her swift course run
All under Saint Crispin's protection;
May he long dwell here to bless and to cheer
The town of his own election.

And the good saint to-day is not far away;
On the tops of these trees he is walking—
Stretching out his kind hands, there the old saint stands—
And hark! I can hear him talking.

In silence profound, let us list to the sound;
For 'tis an unheard of wonder
That the saint should talk in his airy walk
Over the pine trees yonder.

"Old Abington, Old Abington, fondly beloved of yore,
With joy I view this festive scene, and greet you all once more;
Your fathers were a goodly race, sturdy and fearless men,
For honest hearts and willing hands were only nurtured then.
Be children worthy of your sires; be freemen brave and true;
Serve God; uphold the right; be bold, and all your duty do.
Be high-souled patriots in all the meaning of the word,
And prove your title to that name, if need be with the sword.
Thrice blessed are the patriot dead, who sleep beneath the sod,
Proud martyrs to their native land, to liberty and God!
Old Abington, God bless your sons! In glory may you stand,
While you are true to God and man, and love your native land."

The saint bows down his hoary head, and the tears begin to flow;
The fervor of his saintly breast no mortal ken may know;
He turns away;—he cannot speak;—his blessing on us rests,
And we will shout a loud amen to all his kind behests.

Saint Crispin is the prince of all the patriotic saints;
Apostle of true liberty, his ardor never faints.
When ancient knight threw down the glove, the mischief was to pay.
So when the cobbler drops his shoe, let cowards slink away!
In stalwart arm, in sturdy hand, our confidence was put,
Till all the country learned to trust one stout and valiant *Foote*.
Though handling rebels all with *gloves*, not just exactly suits,
Perhaps 'twould do to let them feel the *toes of Northern boots*.

Saint Crispin in those troublous days, when first this plot was hatched,
When all our statesmen scratched their heads, and pondered as they scratched,
Beheld their puzzled looks, and said "Why this will never do;
Some one must cut the Gordian knot, or just untie the shoe."
Let those who patch with compromise, just fling the shoe away,
Or hammer in *steel* nails enough to make the sole taps stay.
The good saint's plan in short was this—with stout, determined hand

To knock away the chosen props on which the rebels stand.
To clothe the rascals all with shoes, would be too great a tax,
We'll take the plain raw-hide undressed, and lay it on their backs;
For it is clear to all man-kind, and evident to brutes,
Their labors must be *bootless* when they all are out of boots.

Saint Crispin spake—his words were few, he used no subtle charms—
"Ye freemen brave of Abington, attention, shoulder arms!"
Shoemakers left their boots unpegged, flung down the nimble awl,
And forthwith rushed into the ranks and answered to the call.
And many a fierce and bloody fight has signally displayed
The stanch, unyielding stuff of which old Abington is made.
Mid tempests thick with leaden hail, mid hot and sulphurous blast,
They prove the olden adage true, and still "*stick to the last.*"

And now the rebels jaded out, stand trembling in their shoes,
Or wander up and down the earth like God-forsaken Jews.
Their shoes, now full of gaping holes, hang loosely round their shins,
And open wide their cruel mouths and twit them with their sins.
They have so hard a road to go, it hurts their tender legs;
Whene'er they meet the enemy, 'tis sure to start their pegs.
And since their *pegs* alone uphold their *soles* and keep them strong,
'Tis plain that cursed with shaky pegs, they must give out e'er long.
And when their *understanding* fails, and all their *soul* is gone,
Since their *sole* hope is in their heels, their case must be forlorn.
And lest by sad experience taught, those crafty Southern chaps
Should strive with awl and last to guard against such dire mishaps,
The saint would hint to Uncle Sam, before the coming fall
To take the *last* they have away, and confiscate their *all.*
And then the shoeless chivalry, can only rant and curse;—
Though waxed ends sometimes pierce the sole, their end is waxing worse.
Alas for Southern chivalry! All pride must have a fall;
The *Butler* of St. Charles Hotel is greater than they all.
A *Porter* there in New Orleans scares their poor souls to death;

And when they hear his iron tread, they gasp and hold their breath.
The buckle of Jeff. Davis's shoe is tightening inch by inch;—
He writhes in helpless agony—the shoe begins to pinch!
And to the latchet of that shoe is tied an hempen thread,
That ugly twine that most of all those Southern fellows dread.
And high aloft that cord is flung over a sturdy limb,
His heels fly up,—he swings in air, and that's the last of him.
Young Absalom from oaken bough swung dangling by his hair;
Stern Justice snatched him from his steed, and fixed the rebel there.
But with arch rebels now a days, fate not so gently deals,
When from the proud palmetto tree she hangs them by their *heels*.

When first the rebels, bent on sin, this wicked strife began,
They thought their stolen shoes would last while they worked out their plan.
They got more than they bargained for, those Yankees were so cute—
To consummate their enterprise required too much *boot*.
They finished up shoe leather fast, skedaddling o'er the road,
And though their faces might be brass, they were not copper toed.
Their shoes are now past all repair, and one need not be told
That since their shoes cannot be tapped, they must themselves be *sold*.
Jeff. Davis, like that famous dame who once lived in a shoe,
Has got so many barefoot boys, he don't know what to do.
They did not calculate at first to run one steady race,
And like the dove, sent from the ark, still find no resting place.
Why can't they like that ancient bird no more "vamose the ranch,"
But come back to the good old ark bringing the olive branch.

About poor wretches so forlorn 'tis heartlessness to jest;
When time is meting out their doom, why we can let them rest.
With joy we turn to brighter scenes and view those noble souls,
That History on her scroll of fame with conscious pride enrolls.
Ye soldiers of Old Abington, now marshalled in the field,
The Lord, the Lord Almighty be your buckler and your shield!

Whether in life or death, in camp or mid the cannon's roar,
God keep you heroes to the end, and patriots to the core.
And if you fall, your sepulchre shall be within our breasts,
Deep in our very heart of hearts each patriot martyr rests.

Not all God's martyrs die by fire or fall by blades of steel,
Not all are tortured at the stake or racked upon the wheel,
But some lie patient in the camp and calmly wait for death,
While wasting fever binds their limbs, and steals away their breath.
These are God's martyrs blest—the heroes of the camp,
And the great captain on their brows the title proud will stamp.

John Milton Sewall,* if thy soul above us hovers near,
Come down receive the blessing of thy friends and kindred here.
Ah no, we cannot summon from his throne of high renown
That hero whom the Lord of hosts has honored with a crown.
The soldier is promoted now. Let no one call him dead.
"Thou faithful soldier, come up higher," the great commander said.
The battle fought, the victory won, among the shining throng
He waves the palm of victory, and sings the victor's song.
We must not weep. Shall tears be shed when God exalts the brave?
Let not the gloomy cypress mark our fallen brother's grave;
But o'er his dust, an emblem just, let the proud laurel wave.

Fondly we love our dear old town. We cherish well its fame,
We love its heroes, and adore each patriot martyr's name.

* John Milton Sewall was born in Sumner, (Oxford County,) Maine, September 10, 1828. He came to Abington to reside in 1846. Although in feeble health, he did not hesitate to respond to the call of his country, and in September, 1861, he enlisted in Co. E, 23d Regiment Mass. Vol., in which company he was a corporal. He was at the battle of Newbern, N. C., and soon after, while on picket duty, caught a violent cold, which produced fever, and resulted in his death at the hospital two weeks afterwards. His, was the first death that had then occurred among the large number of volunteers which Abington had sent to the war. His remains were brought home, and are deposited in a lot of his own selection, in "Mount Vernon Cemetery."

But more we love our father-land; its welfare is our care;
Its many blessings we will prize, and all its perils share.
Then for its future, let us join in one united prayer.

O Columbia, strong and fearless,
Draw the sword and wield the pen.
Live forever free and peerless,
Blessed of God—beloved of men!
Be thy history a presage
Of the Savior's promised reign,
Publishing the kindly message,
Peace on earth, good will to men.

O thou God of our salvation,
All our hopes are in thy hand;
Make us thine, a chosen nation—
Make us thine, Immanuel's land.

Make us true in thought and feeling,
Just, unmindful where or when,
Conscience, honor, truth appealing,
Let the people shout "*amen!*"
Make us love the meek and lowly,
Cherish the oppressed and poor,
Shielding in our arms the holy,
Frowning on the evil-doer.

When Injustice rules the hour,
And Integrity is scoffed,—
When enthroned in place and power
Wrong shall rear its head aloft,—
Fired by heaven-born inspiration,
May our millions rise like men,
And with righteous indignation
Hurl it to the dust again!

When the voice of God from heaven
Summons patriots to arms,
Let no soul prove false or craven,
Farewell cowardly alarms!
When the leaden tempest rattles,
And the trump of war is pealed,
Lord of hosts, and God of battles,
Lead our armies to the field!

Let success attend our banner,
Write thy name on every fold!
Still maintain its sacred honor,
Still preserve its stars of gold!
While through ages yet unending
History writes the deeds of men,
Give us dignity, transcending
Patriot's hope or prophet's ken!

And when Time its march has finished
And its mighty cycles cease,
Still with honor undiminished,
May our nation's end be Peace.
When archangel trumpet pealing
Sounds the knell of hoary time,
May it bring the full revealing
Of an heritage sublime!

Hark! a voice with welcome grateful
Speaks from out the riven skies:
"Well done, children, good and faithful,
Fold your banners and arise!"
Then while anthem and hosanna
Shake high heaven with chorus grand,
Farewell then, Columbia's banner,
Welcome then the better land!

O thou God of our salvation,
All our hope is in thy hand;
Make us thine, a chosen nation—
Make us thine, Immanuel's land!

The "Star Spangled Banner" was then sung by Mrs. Emily J. Reed, of South Weymouth, who kindly volunteered for the occasion.

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4. *Our Fellow Townsman, Hon. Benjamin Hobart.*—Venerable for his years, and respected by all for the deep interest which he has taken for so long a period in the affairs of this, his native town.

To this sentiment Mr. Hobart responded as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen :—

I regret, Sir, it has fallen to my lot to address this large audience, after so many able addresses. The room is too large for my voice. However, being so highly complimented by the President, I will make a few remarks. He speaks of my patriotism. If I have any thing to boast of, it is that for three years past I have been writing Reminiscences of past times in Abington. The different numbers amount to twenty-four, published in the "Abington Standard." I expect to conclude the series at thirty. I have endeavored not to take an outside view of the progress of affairs in this town, but more to describe the manners, customs and modes of thinking and acting. Such a treatise, if well done, will be of great use. I have already received a great many compliments from inhabitants who have left the town and settled

in other parts, saying, "it brings to their minds scenes that have passed away and gone." I have been rather invited to this work from the circumstance that my father (the late Col. Aaron Hobart) and myself have been voters in this town separately over one hundred years, (105,) and conjointly five years. I have, therefore, probably had more means of information and observation than any other person now living. I am surprised at the want of information of past times among the young of the present generation. Our young men and young women are very little acquainted with the circumstances of our fathers and ancestors.

The Reminiscences, I find, are to many new. I have endeavored to be impartial, and state things as they are. I have applied to the several churches in town for a history of their respective societies. There are nine in town. Eight have responded, and given their history in their own language. I have intended to take up every subject connected with the history of the town; the schools, the manufactories, &c. There are one or two circumstances that I will allude to. One single truth, one single result, may mark a great many others. The population of this town in 1726 was 371. From that time to 1790 the increase was about one thousand, not exceeding seventeen a year. From 1790 to 1830 the increase was very small—in forty years only 970, twenty-four yearly. In 1830 there was a great change; from 1830 to 1840 the increase was 721. From 1840 to 1850 it was surprising, being in ten years 2,150. From 1850 to 1860 it was more so, being 3,334. Other things went on in like proportion. The valuation of the town went on in that ratio. The increase of the last ten years was more than the whole population of any one town in the county of Plymouth except four—North Bridgewater, Hingham, Bridgewater, and Ply-

mouth. The reason of this surprising change, which began in 1830, was owing to the introduction of the shoe business. At that time the shoe manufacturing interest was computed at $30,000 annually. In 1860, it was estimated to amount to nearly three millions. Another circumstance gave great addition to our population—the building of the New Bedford turnpike; the railroad was a great item.

One thousand or fifteen hundred foreigners came into town when the railroad was building. The shoe business also brought a great emigration from other towns to this town.

My Reminiscences are brought up to 1860. That was the zenith, the highest point of population and improvements. Since then some reverses have taken place: but I would here state that the town has expended over $30,000 to build their school-houses. More than $200,000 to make their roads. These dwelling-houses are numerous and good. The population is here; the industry is here; what hinders us from going ahead again as soon as this wicked civil war is blown over? There is no need of being discouraged. I will not, however, trespass further, but only make this remark: if the history of the doings of this day, which probably will be recorded, and the Reminiscences of past events, of which I have spoken, be well finished, (and it is proposed they be published,) fifty years hence the proceedings of this day and the Reminiscences which I have had the pleasure to write unassisted, will be of great interest and use. Thousands will look back and trace out their ancestors, saying—"That was my grandfather, and that was my father," learning their origin from many of those named here to-day, and in my Reminiscences, which will amount to more than one thousand.

I have handed the President a sentiment on this occasion, the object of which is to proclaim the situation of this town, the great advance made in population, &c., in the ten years, up to 1860.

The Town of Abington.—Its population, valuation and industry, is greater than that of any other town in the county of Plymouth, and stands, in point of population, exclusive of cities, the sixth town in the State.

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5. *The Early Ministers of the Town.*—We hold their memories in grateful remembrance.

Responded to by the Pastor of the oldest Society in Abington, Rev. F. R. Abbe, who spoke as follows:—

After the beautiful and eloquent eulogies, to which you have already listened, upon those early ministers of Abington, Brown, Dodge, Niles, it is almost presumption in me to weary you with farther remarks.

It is a great privilege to live early in history, to do the greatest good, and a great privilege to live late, to receive the greatest benefit. It was a privilege for those men to live when they did, as it is a privilege for us to live in a town whose early ministry was such a ministry. They were happy in living at the best time for moulding society, when the character of the town was in process of formation. And they stamped their impress, deep, strong and abiding. The New England character has its deepest, broadest foundation in religion. It was for this that our fathers crossed the waters, and established this Christian empire, founded not so much on learning as on moral and religious principle. It is this which, above all, has given us our triumph as a

nation. It is this which, above all, has given us so rich and beneficent an influence in the world. It is this, first and foremost, which is now leading our brave troops to victory over tyranny, ignorance and irreligion. The God of nations was the God of our fathers.

The principles of religion and morals those early ministers wrought firmly and well into the character of our town; and to them chiefly, under God, must be ascribed the eminence of this community, for so many years, in all moral reform. They were men who feared God, and so did not fear to grapple with error and wrong. What they touched, they touched strongly, for they believed in this wisdom—

> "Gently, softly touch a nettle,
> And it stings you for your pains;
> Grasp it, like a man of mettle,
> And it soft as silk remains."

And so, doubtless, were they living at the present day, they would fearlessly grapple with the great questions which agitate our country, and would not hesitate even to throw a bomb into "the magazine," if by it they could blow up the foundations of this slavish oligarchy, this abominable tyranny, which is threatening the fair fabric of our government, and, through it, the interests of all mankind.

They were strong in their religious principles, and strict in their morality, as far as they were enlightened; but they had not the measure of light which we enjoy. They doubtless took an occasional glass; and one of them certainly was a slave-owner, and, for aught I know, upheld the system on principle. And in this connection, with the great subject of St. Crispin before us, I will relate an anecdote of a slave of Mr. Brown. This slave was accustomed to wear out

his shoes rather faster than his master thought economical. So he was provided with a pair with iron soles. These, the black man, with the genteel notions of his race, thought were not quite according to the fashionable style. So, in apparent thankfulness, he concluded to hold a jubilee on a rock back of the house, and dance away the hours. And as the hours wore away, his shoes wore away, till in the morning he came in triumph with the remnants of his iron shoes, worn out in fair use, as happy, undoubtedly, as any other slave who gets a victory over his master by wearing out his shoes in running across Mason and Dixon's line.

Those early ministers were fortunate, too, in the wide influence which they exerted in all parts of the town, and which they used so well. Happy is the man who, as President of the United States, wields an influence in every part of this great land, if he wields it for good. It is a great privilege to be Governor of this Commonwealth, and have power in every place, in time of danger, to save the republic. But is not religion more than temporal prosperity? Happy, indeed, then, are they who have a wide and permanent religious influence. The whole population came up, from the north and the south, from the east and the west, to hear the truth from those early ministers; and their influence was felt, and is felt to this day, in all parts of this beautiful town. But now we are divided into religious families,— families under one roof, but still separate. In a certain sense, we are like the man who had one doctor in the morning, another at noon, and another at night, hoping among them all to get cured of his disease; or like the old lady, who took five or six doses of medicine at once, thinking that among so many some one might hit. We have not that unanimity of sentiment which pervaded the town in former

days; and consequently, other things equal, the same influence is not possible for the present ministry. This is the result of growth, as well as of change of views; and, on the whole, is not to be regretted. "The past is past," as the Governor has said; "the future only is ours." We are to look to the past for wisdom, not for regrets. God rules, and orders all things well. We have the present, and may use the present as a foundation on which to build a glorious future.

There are those here to-day who sat under the ministry of at least one of those great and good men. Let them perpetuate the influence which has been of so much benefit to them. Let us all think more of those fathers of Abington. Let us honor them with our lips, with monuments, and in our lives. And God grant that we may all at last sit down with them in heaven, and rejoice with them for ever and ever.

The following Hymn, written for the occasion by Rev. H. D. Walker, was then sung to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne:"—

We've met as ne'er before we met,
Our thoughts on days of old;
Here owning blessings God has given,
And asking grace to hold.
So here we come, as brethren all,
And hail as children dear,
Of Abington, our Mother town,
The Hundred Fiftieth year.

To generations passed before,
So wise to guard and gain
For us this goodly heritage,
We raise our grateful strain.
We come to bless their honored names,
Who feared no toil or ill,
To feel as ne'er before we felt,
"Their works shall praise them still."

And now God's blessing on the Land
They loved and served of old;
Peace, Freedom, Righteousness, secure
For it the Age of Gold.
And may this year, *our* Jubilee,
Be one through all our coasts;
The gratitude of men made free
Reward our war-worn hosts.

So when our children thus shall meet,
Then will no anxious fears
For Husbands, Brothers, Sons in arms,
Unseal the fount of tears.
And ere we part, as brethren all,
We pledge our Mother dear,
To guard and swell her old renown,
'Till her Two Hundredth year.

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6. *The Common Schools of New England.*—The rich legacy of our fathers to us. Strong defence of free institutions, the hope and security of the future; may a generous policy in the maintenance of their interests ever honor the wisdom in which they had their origin.

Rev. Horace D. Walker, the Chairman of the School Committee, in response to this sentiment, said:

I question, Mr. President, your calling upon the only member of the School Committee who is not a native, to answer in behalf of the schools of Abington. But I notice that you have made the sentiment somewhat broader than for the single town—you embrace "the Commonwealth."

And yet, if only the schools of the town were mentioned, I am not sure but we adopted citizens have, upon the whole, the best right here. As I look around upon this great assemblage, I suppose that many, perhaps the majority, while listening to the Oration and Poem from those whose birthplace was here, have prided themselves upon being natives of Abington. But you had no choice in that matter, I take it! You had to be born here! while we who have come in, and thus become citizens of the town, *had* a choice in so doing. *We* are here by our own volition, not as *you* are here, having been dragged in by the ears. *We* are here, not as Jeff. Davis gets recruits, by conscription, but as volunteers; and our Governor and the President tell us the volunteer army is assuredly the best. We are more natives than those born here. Our Governor is more a native of Massachusetts because born in Maine. So, Mr. President, on the whole, I take it I have a right to speak for the schools of the town.

In the Oration this morning, and still more, with such exuberant play upon words in the Poem of this afternoon, a great deal has been said about the *understandings* and the *soles* of men. I have sometimes thought, Mr. President, that the rebels reckoned without their host when stealing our shoes. True, we have shod their armies; but shoes made here on Abington lasts have in them the very instinct of right and liberty—they cannot bear up and onward for the wrong and against the right, those standing in them. And

I think when we consider what has underlaid these rebel forces, we can understand how a New York Cicero, speaking of these modern Catalines, so improved upon the old Roman orator. Following the track of the flying chivalry from Bowling Green, Columbus, Island No. 10, Nashville, Corinth, and all places they leave, hastening to find that "last ditch," he said, "*abiit, evasit, erumpet, skedaddle.*" The ancient Cicero would not recognize the last word; it has become classic with us. The rebels stand in our shoes, not just in the sense they expected; shoes that will bear them where other shoes and shoemakers will drive them, because of the deep-rooted principles of right and justice in the hearts of our people, springing from that religious faith so earnestly implanted by our fathers, and from that knowledge which they were just as earnest in cultivating through our public schools.

Our own Whittier has said that our noble Commonwealth

> "Ne'er heeds the sceptic's puny hands
> While near her school the church-tower stands,
> Nor fears the bigot's blinded rule
> While near the church-tower stands the school."

We have the church-spire and we have the school, and are here on this One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the incorporation of this town to look forward to the Two Hundredth. As our Governor has just told us, "the Past we have not, the Present we cannot call ours, it is gone while we grasp it, the Future only is really ours."

It is so. And if the future is ours any where, and to be secured through any means, it is in and through the schools. *There* is our future. Our Governor has just been addressing

the men of 1862. I hope he will come here ere long and address the men of 1882, yea of 1912! Let him come here one of these days, and we will show him these "coming men," our children,—when they shall not be so thrust into the background, and their voice of welcome will be heard in its fulness.

In these schools is our hope or our fear. We know how it fared with our armies at Shiloh and at Fair Oaks. At first the enemy had it all their own way; but by and by came up the *reserve*, and then the victory was ours. Our grand reserve or our ruin stands back of us one generation. If our children are true, that future is safely and fully ours.

"The child is father of the man." What sort of men will be fifty years hence on this spot, commemorating this day, depends, under God, upon what we are doing now for the children. May the principle in this sentiment actuate us everywhere and always, securing wise and generous provisions for our schools. In them may our children be grounded not merely in the sciences fitting them for the business of life, but in those principles on which our fathers built so firmly and so well that to-day we are met here to rejoice in the present results of them, and in the hope, the anticipation of their final triumph and full glory.

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7. *The Press.*—Next to the Common School, the most effective agency in the Education of the People.

Charles F. Dunbar, Esq., of the "Boston Daily Advertiser," a native of the town, being called upon, spoke as follows:—

Mr. Chairman and Friends :—

The present is a time, as you know, when those of my pursuit are pretty fully occupied; for the country is making history very fast now, and some of us delude ourselves by trying to write it. And so when an old friend invited me to be present to-day, I could only say to him as the man said to his minister, when urged to come to meeting, "I will either come—or send a hand."

But who could be absent from his native town, on a day like this, when the town puts on its holiday dress; or who could refuse to revisit this beautiful spot, endeared by pleasant memories of the past, and now the scene of a commemoration, the associations of which carry us back for almost two centuries of honorable history? I own that I am proud to be a native of Abington. The gentleman who has just spoken cast it in the teeth of us natives, that we had no choice in the matter! For my part I am glad that it was so, for had it been left to me at that early age, I might not have chosen so well.

It is a little embarrassing to be called upon to speak for the press of the country. The press is accustomed to address the public in another manner. And besides, just at this moment, except the rebels, the worst-abused men in the country are the editors,—and while in the one case this is all deserved, in the other it is not. Perhaps I may say for the journalists of the United States, that we were all much relieved the other day, when that new and remarkable member of the profession, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, gave his assurance that the newspapers didn't *lie* any worse than any body else! You will permit me to say here, that for the short-comings of the press the public is in a measure respon-

sible. Such is the frailty of human nature, that where there is a demand, there will be a supply; at this time of feverish excitement the people *will* have what they want, and there will be found men who will furnish it, at whatever expense of conscience. And there is another point in which the responsibility of the public is greater than it realizes, and in a more important matter,—I mean as regards the expression of opinion. Every man has his own opinion now, which is different from that of every other man, and which he expects to see reproduced in the public prints. The press is expected to form its views fairly, to express them openly, and to be just and complimentary at the same time; and in this way a tyranny is often exercised by public opinion, which is more threatening in the long run to the real liberty of the press, than any mere temporary suppression of news, as a military necessity, by the public authorities.

But this is all foreign to the purpose of the day. In earlier years,—not so very long ago,—I gave some attention to the history of the town. I had a personal interest in it, for the earliest settler, Andrew Ford, was my ancestor. I always noted it for a significant fact that the early inhabitants built their meeting-house before they got their Act of incorporation. They went to work on the good old Puritan plan, the plan of the Old Colony, in which we stand, bringing the best of influences to bear in forming their history. They were austere in life, but they practiced the virtues of austerity. Their lives were quiet and retired, but laborious, thrifty and honorable. They labored slowly, silently and patiently, to lay deep the foundation of the New England character, which carried the country safely through one revolution, and the influence of which is now carrying us safely through another.

In those old wars, Abington always bore its part well. I suppose there are few here of Abington blood, who cannot count some relation in the old French war or in the Revolution; many of these families mourned after the massacre a century ago at Fort William Henry. And in this war the town bears its part well too. It was my fortune, just a year ago, to enter the camp of a Union regiment at Newport News, on the James River, and there I was proud to recognize and enter the tents of an Abington company. They were there upon no holiday excursion, and were enduring privations such as we at home were far from realizing. But they bore every thing with little complaint,—recalling with pride the fact, that the Fourth Massachusetts was one of the two regiments from this State which saved Fortress Monroe,—the great strategic movement which made the capital secure, and was the turning point in saving our country. The war will end prosperously, and the work of these men may be forgotten amid more brilliant achievements. In that they will be like their predecessors upon this soil. The generation of those men, too, has passed away, and their memory, their names even, are cherished but by few. But their work was of too solid character and too well done to pass away; and the fruits of their labor we witness and enjoy to-day.

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8. *The Clergy.*—To the Clergy of New England we owe a debt of gratitude for their faithful adherence, in times of trial and despondency, to the great principles of "Freedom, Truth, and Right."

Rev. Isaac C. White, of Plymouth, spoke in response to this sentiment, as follows:—

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

I had intended if I spoke at all, to speak one word in behalf of the early clergymen of this ancient town. The necessity for this has been superseded by the timely and eloquent remarks of the Pastor of the First Church.

That our country owes a debt of gratitude to the clergy of New England, for their faithful adherence to the great principles of Freedom, Truth, and Right, in times of trial and despondency, will be questioned by no intelligent, thinking mind.

The great object which the clergyman has in view, is to mould society into the form and features of moral excellence and beauty. As the sculptor chisels out of the rude block of marble the form and features of artistic beauty, so he, with the great principles of divine truth fashions society into the form and features of moral beauty, and in doing this he contributes largely to the highest well-being of the country.

In all times of national trial the clergymen of New England have been true to the principles of Freedom, Truth, and Right; and now that the clouds of civil war, black and portentous, hang over us, they will stand by the Government until rebellion is so thoroughly crushed that it will never again lift its satanic head or wag its forked tongue.

It affords me great pleasure to take part in these festive services, to unite with you in celebrating the one hundred and fiftieth birthday of this ancient town. I love my native town, her familiar rocks and hills, the graceful elms which grow out of her bosom and adorn and shade her streets and walks. I love this beautiful grove, her play-ground, the play-ground of her sister towns, and of yonder populous city. I love her resting-places of the dead, where sleeps the precious

dust of the honored and endeared. I love her temperance organizations, promoting sobriety, and her military organizations, through which she expresses her patriotism in times of trial. I love the old inconvenient town-house, the capitol of this little republic, the scene of many a sharp and well-contested debate. I love her schools, the nurseries of learning so liberally and tenderly nourished, and her neat and commodious sanctuaries, the nurseries of piety. I love her large manufactories and little shops, her elegant and costly mansions, and her convenient cottages, the abodes of domestic happiness. I love my native town, the north, the south, the east, the west, and the centre.

I honor her for the noble stand which she has always taken in the cause of human freedom, and for the patriotism which has rallied so many of her sons to uphold and defend our Union—the best government on the face of the earth. Rebellion has laid its treacherous hand upon our manufactories and stopped their profitable working, but when the last dying groan is wrung from that hideous monster to which slavery has given birth, these manufactories will again be worked to their utmost capacity, and wealth and prosperity will again flow into these dwellings. And when the stars and stripes shall float proudly, majestically, and undisturbed over every part of our territory, and the sun in all his course looks down upon not a single slave, Abington, keeping pace with the American Republic in prosperity, will march on triumphantly to that perfect state of society towards which the clergymen of New England are leading the country.

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9. *The Orator of the Day.*

Rev. E. Porter Dyer being called upon by the President, said:—

Mr. President:—

This call seems plainly to imply that my morning remarks were not entirely satisfactory—probably because I failed to notice more particularly the MOTHERS of Abington, to whom for the bravery of her sons and the prosperity of the town we owe so much. To one of them I acknowledge my indebtedness for the blessing of kind, faithful parental instruction in my early years. But why is no more credit given to the female part of the community? It is true we find in your ancient records that a place was left for them in the north part of the meeting-house; but why is no more said of them? Because, before factories were set in motion, our mothers were inured to toil and shared in the burdens of labor. They were found with "the spinning-wheel, the distaff and the loom." They manufactured thread, they wove tow cloth, they made the garments worn then. And when my grandfathers, who lived in this town in those days, died, (and if you will pardon me, they both remained here just as long as they possibly could, each being the last man of his generation and the oldest male citizen in town at his death,) one of them left for each of his three daughters as an heir-loom an ancient, domestic loom, to be transmitted to their children, as a memorial of the past, to remind them, when they should sit down to the music of the piano or guitar, of the trials and hardships of the mothers who had gone before them.

When the mothers of those days returned from meeting on the Sabbath, they took home with them the salutary lessons of the sanctuary, and employed the remaining hours of holy time in impressing on the tender minds of their children that "fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom."

Here is one secret of the influence of Father Niles—an influence which remains in this town to this day. The mothers taught by his ministry were faithful mothers in these matters, and hence, as they grew up, their daughters always seemed to me in my younger years very courteous, very lovely, and of modest and excellent deportment; and they will bear me witness that in the days when I lived here and attended the public school with them, our mothers always "knew when we were out." Let us leave our tribute of filial gratitude to-day in our testimony to the faithfulness of our mothers.

Mr. President, I have been delighted with the exercises and associations of this day. I do not expect to meet you again on an occasion such as this. As I was leaving home this morning my son took occasion to suggest that if my discourse was not satisfactory to the President, I might say to him that when the next celebration of this kind occurs he may get somebody else.

But the hours of this day are passing, and soon all these scenes and services will be ended. The wheels of time roll on, and who shall stand in our places a hundred and fifty years hence to review the history of God's dealings with the inhabitants of this town during that lengthened period? With what interest might we contemplate to-day, were time allowed us, the progress of the world and the wonderful improvements constantly taking place in every department of knowledge and art, but I forbear.

I have often heard my now departed grandfather say that one of the citizens of this town in earlier days—(and this circumstance may have contributed to give me a slight fondness for the muse)—was a good deal given to rhyming extemporaneously, and was always ready when any one

would "treat him," to give a poetic effusion in return. I remember hearing him repeat, among other specimens, one which may serve to show by contrast how the poetic spirit of this town has progressed.

It may be premised, however, that it was formerly the custom of the people of this town to yoke their hogs and suffer them to run at large. At town meeting they chose certain officers called "hog-reeves," to look after the hogs. Men were fond of office then—gone out of fashion, I suppose, now—and when the people wished to show their appreciation of a certain kind of talent in a man, they chose that man hog-reeve—especially was this distinction wont to be conferred on newly married men. On one occasion the election of a certain man to this office excited the poet's ire. He deemed the incumbent unworthy to be elected to such an elevated office by the suffrages of an intelligent people, and gave vent to his bitterness of spirit by the following poetic touch:—

"It does seem strange
To my poor brains,
That people are possess'd,
For them to vote,
To choose one shote,
To govern all the rest."

This was expressive and off-hand. Other illustrations of the poet's ready rhyming wit might be given, but I will not now longer detain you. At the next celebration of this kind I will relate all I can remember—*if I am here*. I hope the audience will pardon me for trespassing so long on their patience.

10. *Masonry.*—Which Washington recommended to the American people, which Burns sung, and the wisest of all times have loved, "still rising by the plummet's law," will produce good square work.

William D. Coolidge, Esq., of Newton, Grand Master of Masons in Massachusetts, responded as follows:—

Mr. President:—

So many of my brethren being present, I came very near saying "Worshipful Master," but pardon me, Sir, let me amend that, and say, brethren and sisters,—for I believe you have been addressed by every other title but that to-day. We have come from far and near to mingle our warmest sympathies together, and to kindle anew the hearts of those who belong to this good old town, that the faces of early loved ones, the memories of the past, the kindly greetings, the joyful emotions of this day, may all be concentrated in this hour; and I feel that it is good to be here. In the sentiment you have just proposed, you have touched the key-note of every American heart, the name of Washington. We glory in him as our patron and our friend; more than that—our brother. He who knew so well what was in men's hearts, and how deeply and how strongly they can be moved by persuasion, love and affection. You have spoken of that child of song, Robert Burns, another of our brothers who has touched our hearts so gently and so sweetly, and whose name we are always glad to mention. My heart has been so filled with the influences of this occasion, by the words of eloquence and poetry, of music and song, that I am sure not much should be expected from me. Our honored Governor moved our hearts in that noble sentiment, "honor to the brave and honest heart;" and I thought as I listened to the clarion notes of the Orator of the Day, as he portrayed

the rising prosperity of the people of this town, the honest sturdy heart which is here so manifest, that if I were to say a word to my venerable friend here who is writing its history, if he is seeking for the reason of her great prosperity, let him seek it in that deep and abiding trust in God which animates your hearts, and has animated the hearts of those who have gone before you. In that indomitable energy, industry and perseverance, which united with the capital of yonder city has produced, and will again confirm and renew the prosperity you have formerly enjoyed. Trust in God, my friends, that as He is a God of truth, so He will surely vindicate himself, and bring about again the happy day when we may take by the hand all good American citizens, and prosperity and happiness again be your lot.

In these stirring times there are manly elements of character which are to be developed, and I trust that no one will regret after these evil days are passed, the opportunity which we now have to develop the lofty virtues of self-sacrifice, valor, love of country, devotion to right, indomitable courage, and the love of all that is true, noble and manly.

Our eyes are now turned to the tottering capital of rebellion, and our prayers are united that this war may soon be ended. I believe it will be. I believe that returning prosperity will soon be with us. Continue to cultivate those glorious elements of character which the Orator of the Day has illustrated. Be worthy of such sires.

Mr. President, let me close with words familiar to many of my brethren present—

The Good People of Abington.—May their Corn, and Wine, and Oil abound, and health, plenty and peace be the lot of every citizen of this ancient town.

11. *Our Temperance Organizations.*—Institutions of practical benevolence and moral power, rescuing the fallen, and giving strength to the weak and tempted, their influence is felt in the homes of all our communities; may they pursue their mission loyal to the glorious watchwords emblazoned on their banners, till the liquid poison from the *Still* and the *Vat* shall cease their destroying work, and total abstinence from that which intoxicates be the habit of all our people.

Responded to by Rev. Joseph Crehore.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

It is a pleasure to speak to a sentiment in honor of organizations holding so important a position among the social and moral interests of the town, with so vital a bearing upon its welfare, and having in their membership so many of the people, both male and female, as those to which you have referred.

The Temperance enterprise is, I believe, a comparatively modern movement. It dates back for the beginning of its history only about fifty years. At a meeting of one of the ecclesiastical bodies of our State, known as the "General Association of Massachusetts," in the year 1811, the first public action with reference to it, of which we have account, was taken. A committee was appointed to prepare a constitution for a society, whose object should be, "To check the progress of intemperance," viewed by the association as a growing evil. That society came into existence and held its first meeting in the year 1813. At that time the annual consumption of spirits in this country was so great, that divided equally among all the families it would have averaged more than four and a half gallons to every man, woman and child. Put that by the side of the facts of to-day, and you will find a change has been wrought.

The fathers and mothers, men of heroic courage and holy purpose, and women of unconquerable energy and patience, whom to-day we proudly and justly honor with our words of praise and memorial pageant, had few indeed of the noble institutions and moral enterprises which to-day exist, and send their happy ministries into and along all the pathway of our life. Their circumstances were not such as to demand or admit of these things. And yet we do well to remember that they had that out of which these all have come,—the Church and the Common School. These they honored and cherished, and through them sowed the seeds of great principles and holy truths, which finding root in the fresh soil of the new Continent, have grown and developed into all these shining blessings and guiding lights.

They were not temperance men, as we reckon temperance men now, for the evil of intemperance had not taken on the magnitude and wrought the mischief that it has since. But they were men loyal to virtue and to every righteous endeavor for human improvement. They believed in law and the right of legislation, most devoutly, and I have sometimes thought that some of the regulations in relation to drinks which intoxicate, which we find in the history of some of the towns, of a century ago, might have been of good service at a more recent date, even since the light of the temperance movement has been spreading over the world.

Here for instance, is an item with which I recently met, which seemed to me not wholly inapropos to a subject just now claiming the attention of the people in our country—the National Tax. "It is voted that the price of W. I. toddy shall be 16 shillings a bowl, and New England Rum shall be 12 shillings a bowl." This was afterwards reconsidered, we are told, and "it was voted that toddy should be 18 shillings

a bowl when made with loaf sugar, and 16 shillings a bowl when made with brown sugar." Not much drinking of it in these days, I think, if that was the price.

I alluded just now to the extent of the membership of the temperance organizations of the town. I believe the whole number belonging to the various societies, including that of the children, which certainly should not be overlooked, does not fall much, if any, under *one thousand.* Somewhat of an army that, and enlisted too, in one of the noblest causes that claims, or can claim the service of any people. And Sir, grand beyond conception is the work which has been and is still being wrought by these associations. All about us is the witness of their worth, in the orderly and pleasant homes which greet our eyes, in the character and habits of the citizens, and the general thrift and health of the community. Ah, who can measure the extent of our indebtedness here! Who can calculate the good that has come, not only to our town, but to our Commonwealth, and our country, through temperance organizations! They have been a great moral power in our midst. And they are a power in the army of our country gathered from these homes all about us to fight anew the battles of liberty. The habits and health of that army, which put it in such noble contrast with all the other armies the world has known, are in no small measure the fruit of temperance principles here imbibed, strengthened and sustained amid the thousand temptations of the camp, by social ties and obligations here existing, and holding in unfaltering fidelity many an absent and dear brother.

But enough. The great work is still in our hands. The Past, to which we to-day turn in congratulation and joy, is with us, with its memories and its lessons, a full fountain of instructive experience. The Present is here also, with its

constantly multiplying opportunities and responsibilities. In the advance guard in the march of nations, in moral as well as material achievement, centuries before are beckoning, as the centuries behind are bidding us forward. Forward then, one and all, in the pathway of Love, Purity, and Fidelity, laboring heroically, manfully, and faithfully, according to the light and strength given us, in our day, as did the fathers in theirs.

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12. *Our Volunteers.*—We do not forget to-day those of our citizens who, in the hour of peril, and at the call of duty, went forth to fight the battles of our common country. May success crown their efforts to restore an honorable peace and permanent quiet to our land.

Rev. Henry L. Edwards responded as follows:—

I rise with pleasure, Mr. President, to respond to the sentiment. Since receiving your invitation last evening to say a word in behalf of our brave volunteers, I have anticipated the privilege with no little interest; and if I had anticipated it longer, I surely would have said something more worthy of them, and this occasion. But even without a moment's notice I would neglect no opportunity to speak in praise of those patriotic men, through whose toils and sacrifices, *aye*, *sufferings*, we are enabled to spend thus the hours of this passing day.

Speech is poor. The best words of to-day are dross compared with *deeds* of honor and heroism. The soldier first; the highest civilian holds but a second rank. Sir, I need not say, that I have great respect for the population of this town; for the vast assembly that sit before me; for the music and the military that have handsomely escorted us hither. I greatly respect the honest and able government

of this Commonwealth, represented here in the welcome presence of her Chief Magistrate. I have indeed a certain measure of self-respect. But more than all, let me say, more than myself, more than any man on the ground, I esteem, just now, those fellow-citizens of ours who have gone forth from among us to defend their country, to defend State and Town, to defend our homes, and Groves, and ourselves. And when they return—God grant they may—I intend to concede as much, face to face. And I greatly long to see them again, that I may take them by the hand, one by one, and assure them of my lasting gratitude and esteem. Would that this cruel conspiracy were already crushed, and the war were over, and these patriot-soldiers were here to-day, to speak for themselves, or, at least, to inspire respect by their bodily presence; for,

> "Ours are no *hirelings* train'd to the fight,
> With cymbal and clarion glittering and bright;
> O'er the proud heads of free *men* our star-banner waves,
> Men firm as their mountains and still as their graves,—
> To-morrow shall pour out their life-blood like rain;
> They come back in triumph, or come not again."

All honor, I say, to these Abington braves. If Heaven has so ordained, and they shall be *denied*

> "the death of those
> Who for their country die,"

as dearest love and friendship can but hope and pray, still let us not forget what they have done, and the hardships they have borne. I do not know, Mr. President, just what they are enduring now, on the Peninsula and along the Shenandoah—nobody can know without being there—but I have a vivid recollection, and I shall never forget a frosty

experience, at Camp Brightwood, of a bleak October night; and from a little, I *know* that during a long winter-encampment these soldier-friends submitted to hardships of which dwellers at home have little idea. But it is rather on this peaceful summer day, and amid these smiling scenes, and sounds of jubilee, that I have sought to imagine the contrast between our circumstances and theirs, as they bare their breasts before Richmond, in this bloody rebellion, or, as with our own noble, thrice-noble Banks, they clamber among the blue and blood-stained mountains of the Old Dominion. Ah! yes, may God forgive me if I forget my brothers on the battle-field. If I forget them, let my right hand forget its cunning; let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.

Mr. President and fellow-citizens: It is most becoming, and appropriate, and important, that we associate these thoughts of the soldier, with our reminiscences of that remote date when a certificate of incorporation was conferred upon the then sparse population of these so familiar precincts. We see now why it was that so long ago as 1712, an honorable charter was granted to those few respectful, ancestral petitioners. Was it for purposes of self-protection and government? Yes. Was it to promote the prosperity of the people in this locality? Certainly, yes. But it was for more. It was that there might be a township here, in common with sister townships elsewhere, in preparation for *military* emergency; like that of 1812; like that, more strikingly, which has risen in our own time, when institutions of state and nation are so endangered. I speak to some present, who know much better than I do, how much these town organizations have facilitated the organization of a large federal army. Who believes that our Governor, energetic as he is, could have assembled some thousands of

men on Boston Common, armed and equipped, in a single day, or have put thirty regiments into the field in a single year, and that without one *conscript*, had it not been for this system of independent municipalities—these little limited sovereignties—these miniature republics, borough-towns, organized and consolidated under one grand State government? I applaud, therefore, the wisdom of the men who originated this happy political framework. And as we remember, this day, with a reasonable pride, that not less than two hundred and fifty of our young and spirited townsmen have sprung, in the hour of their country's call, from their peaceful employments to the protection of the glorious stars and stripes, we will not be unmindful of the wisdom of the past which made this *possible*. But I may not enlarge. The shadows are lengthening. This semi-centennial day is drawing to a close, and those who were to the manor-born should have the time, before strangers and foreigners. And yet I think I may say that no *theme* should more sacredly command your attention, than that of our brave and beloved volunteers. May God be with them and bless them, and bring them back, in body sound, with characters unblemished, and, in after years, may their children, and their children's children, rise up and call them blessed.

> "Each soldier's name
> Standing untarnish'd on the rolls of fame;
> That name an example to each distant age,
> Adding new lustre to the historic page."

Allow me, Mr. President, to add a sentiment, a little remote from my subject. The *soldiers* remind me of *secession*. A word for Abington:—

Union is Strength.—Let Abington ever be one and indissoluble. Though she may have many sins, and though West, and East, and North, and South, shall not always agree, may no section ever be guilty of *secession*.

13. *The Volunteer Militia.*—The Right Arm of the country in its hour of peril.

Response by Sergeant B. F. Peterson, Company E, (South Abington Infantry,) Fourth Regiment M. V. M.

Mr. President:—

Never was there a more truthful sentiment uttered than the one just announced, and yet it is one that the people of the present time have just begun to appreciate. Too long, by far, has the Volunteer Militia been neglected, disregarded and forgotten; and what solemn warning our present difficulties present to us of the danger which was before us from the growing indifference to this great bulwark of our public liberties. The founders of this republic viewed with jealousy standing armies, as being incompatible with a free government, and so firmly and deeply was it fixed in their minds, that it passed into a maxim among them, that large standing armies in time of peace were dangerous to liberty; and that maxim remains to this day in the bill of rights in many of our State constitutions. But notwithstanding their hostility to standing armies, no statesmen were more sensitive to their national honor, or more awake to the necessity of national defence. While they were hostile to standing armies, they were at the same time zealous to provide for the public safety; they looked to the Volunteer Militia of the several States for the necessary protection against foreign invasion and domestic insurrections, and it stands to-day a part, though a forgotten part, of the Constitution of the United States, that "*a well regulated militia is necessary to the security of a Free State.*"

Such, Sir, was the high estimation with which the Volunteer Militia were held by the fathers of this republic; and was that trust in vain? Let subsequent history prove.

Who were those that in the darkest days that the country ever experienced since the Revolution, without a moment's notice, hastened to the defence of their country, left their work in the shops unfinished, bade adieu to friends and loved ones whom perhaps they might never see again on earth, and exchanged thus suddenly their happy homes and cheerful firesides for the field of conflict, and for aught they knew, the field of death? It was the Volunteer Militia. What noble examples of patriotism.

"Where duty called, there did their footsteps tend."

Like Putnam, they left their plough in the unfinished furrow, and hastened to the camp. How well that duty was performed you know full well; these were the men who saved the Federal capital from destruction, and stood like a bulwark around it until the national army could be increased and strengthened by volunteers for the war. And had not Massachusetts had her Fourth Regiment of Volunteer Militia, of which Company E (the South Abington Infantry) is a component part, that world-renowned Fortress Monroe, the key to Virginia, with all the valuable lives it contained, and its millions of property, would this day be in the hands of the rebels.

And while I would not be unmindful of the great service which the volunteers for the war from the various States have done, and are now doing for their country's honor and the defence of its flag, it must always be remembered that they are but pushing forward the work so gloriously begun by the Volunteer Militia. Let us, then, as a Nation and as a State, learn a lesson of wisdom from the past, and hold fast that which is good.

What a debt of gratitude do the loyal people of this country owe and ever will owe, to the Volunteer Militia.

They have proved themselves to be in deed and in truth faithful to their country, the defenders of its laws; their patriotism is unconditional; their motto, the Union as it was. And while the Nation and the State should heed the lesson inculcated by past experience, and treasure it into good and honest hearts, I would not have you unmindful, fellow-citizens of my native town, of the lesson of duty you should learn from the past. Let former divisions and difficulties be forgotten, if need be, and this anniversary be the commencement of a new epoch in your history, when the Citizen Soldier shall receive that honor, respect and love which he so richly deserves, and I assure you that they will be found in the future, as they have abundantly proved themselves in the past,

"Ever faithful, ever sure."

Volunteer sentiments:—

1. *The Thousands of Abington—Dead.*—Long may they *live* in the lingering *traditions* of their descendants; sweet *peace* to their hallowed *dust.*

2. *Abington.*—A good *mother;* she has *adopted* many children; and between these, and those born of her own *body,* she knows no difference.

3. *Abington.*—The four pillars of her prosperity: Labor, Law, Education, and Religion.

Concluding sentiment:—

The Two Hundredth Anniversary of this Town.—We charge those that survive to that date, and who are present to-day, to communicate our salutations and best wishes to all the people that shall participate in that celebration.

The exercises of the day were then closed by music by the Weymouth Band.

LETTERS.

[*From Seth Hobart White, Esq., of New York.*]

Delhi, N. Y., June 4, 1862.

Dear Sir,—Pressing engagements, entirely unforeseen, when I partially accepted your kind invitation to be present at the Abington Anniversary, will, I regret to say, prevent my being with you on that interesting occasion.

Although several years have elapsed since my adoption of another State, still I can say, and I think with an honest pride, that I am proud of my native town, and could I have selected my own birthplace, it would have been in the ancient town of Abington.

There is something inexpressibly fascinating about one's native place, especially after an absence of a series of years. Sculptors may carve, painters may color, and poets imagine, but when you come to see in reality the old gnarled oak, the towering pine, or the moss-covered pear tree o'erlooking the quiet brook, there is a reminiscence about them which no art can engender. It was under the shade of these trees, and on the banks of this brook, that our hopes and fears first had their origin. There is a shady and a sunny side to these reminiscences, but they cannot fail to awaken within us the strongest sensibilities of our nature. Who is there that cannot recollect, with the deepest interest, the loved ones of their youth, some of whom this day are occupying places of trust and distinction, and even fighting valiantly the battles of our common country, while others have

gone to the spirit-world. But I must not indulge further in these reminiscences, and you will please accept my warmest thanks for the kindly notice you have taken of me, and the dignified position you have given me to speak of the Judiciary.

This branch of our government is so interwoven with the other two, namely the Legislative and Executive, that it would be as difficult to determine which of these powers performed the highest functions in a well-regulated government, as it would be to know in our safe passage on an ocean steamer, which conduced most to the object, the motive-power, the ship, or the rudder—as without the rudder the ship would be tossed to and fro, at the mercy of the elements, so with the ship of state without the Judiciary. She would be speedily swamped on the quicksands of anarchy; hence it becomes an object of interesting inquiry, how can we best strengthen and render efficient this branch of our Government? And it was to this inquiry that my thoughts were directed on the reception of your invitation, and I was cheered by the thought, that on the hallowed ground of New England, where the truest principles of civil and religious liberty that ever had a being originated, was a most fitting spot to make such an inquiry; and a fitter place still to answer it and say—"*live just such lives, and die just such deaths, as our forefathers did before us.*"

Allow me, in conclusion, to offer the following sentiment:—

Our Native Town.—A beautiful monument of the enterprise, intelligence, and virtue of its noble founders—let us preserve it in all its original purity and grandeur, and bequeath it to posterity unimpaired, as a rich legacy of enduring fame.

Yours truly, SETH HOBART WHITE.

ISAAC HERSEY, Esq., *Committee of Correspondence.*

[*From Rev. Joseph Pettee.*]

Abington, June 6, 1862.

To the Committee of Arrangements for the Celebration of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town of Abington:—

Gentlemen,—Though duties elsewhere require me to be absent from Abington on the occasion of the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the town, they do not preclude my accepting an invitation to contribute a *sentiment*. This I offer, accompanied by a few words of introduction.

The last half century of the century and a half that has elapsed since the incorporation of this town, has been signalized by vast improvements, contributing to the material prosperity of the community. Almost every day, in one place or another, have arisen inventions and discoveries which diminish greatly the burdens and labors of men, and, in an outward sense, add to their means of enjoyment. And not only have new modes of applying natural and mechanical laws and agencies to useful purposes been ascertained, but new fields of science have been explored, and new and more effective modes of communicating knowledge have been discovered, by which the intellectual stores of the public are greatly increased. In the advantages involved in the progress made in this direction, Abington has participated.

Now,—it may not really be the case,—there is, however, a strong appearance that there has not been equally great progress in discoveries having a direct bearing upon the spiritual prosperity and happiness of men. Lightning has been brought into requisition to carry messages here and there over the earth. The Locomotive, with his mighty and untiring breath and iron sinews, has been chained to the

car to traverse the lands with a power which no living creature can equal. These, and other similar things, confer immense natural advantages upon men. But our well-being certainly depends vastly more upon a knowledge and observance of spiritual laws, than upon the knowledge and use of natural laws. Who shall discover an effectual way of correcting the spirit of selfishness?—a way of leading men of business to avoid injustice, craft, cunning, in their transactions, and a way of bringing them to be actuated in their trade by a truly magnanimous and neighborly spirit? Who shall make a discovery that will put an effectual check upon the indulgence of low ambition and self-seeking in civil and political, and even religious affairs, and introduce into practical operation, a generous love of the public weal, and a desire that the affairs of the community may be administered by those who have the best qualifications, and can administer them in the best manner? Who shall discover an effectual way of placing the public good before private interest in the hearts of men? Who shall discover the way of bringing the Golden Rule into practical operation?

He who shall make these or any of these discoveries, will confer benefits upon mankind, with which those conferred by natural inventions and discoveries can bear no comparison.

In pursuance of this idea, the following sentiment is respectfully offered:—

May the succeeding fifty years be as signally marked by the discovery and application of the laws upon which spiritual prosperity and happiness depend, as the last fifty have been by the discovery and application to useful purposes of natural and mechanical laws and powers; and may it prove to be the distinguished felicity of this town to participate largely in the more excellent work of the coming period.

Yours, very truly, JOSEPH PETTEE.

[*From Ellis Ames, Esq.*]

Canton, June 9, 1862.

Dear Sir,—I duly received your kind invitation to attend your celebration of the incorporation of Abington. I have been for three weeks past, and now am for three weeks to come, severely pressed with professional engagements, and all entirely outside of Plymouth Court which opens to-morrow morning.

If consistent with Plymouth Court, I shall endeavor to go up and enjoy the festival and memorials of Abington, which from the *smallest* town *for many years* in Plymouth County, has finally become the greatest in population, wealth and enterprise, of any in the county of Plymouth.

Yours, truly, Ellis Ames.

Isaac Hersey, Esq.

[*From Rev. Jacob White.*]

West Bridgewater, June 10, 1862.

Mr. Isaac Hersey: Dear Sir,—When I acknowledged the receipt of your very respectful invitation to be present at the celebration which is to take place in Abington to-day, my warm expectations and hopes were, that I should enjoy the privilege. But bodily indisposition, together with other circumstances beyond my control, prevent me from so doing.

Accept for yourself, and be kind enough to convey to the Committee, my sincere thanks for the respect you have shown me.

With the best wishes for a pleasant celebration,

I remain, Dear Sir,

Respectfully, yours, Jacob White.

APPENDIX.

[A.]

The following is the Order of the General Court by which Abington became an incorporated town :—

[General Court Records, vol. 9th, page 178.]

In Council.—Upon reading a petition of several of the inhabitants of the easterly part of the town of Bridgewater, and several proprietors of land adjoining, praying to be made a township, the whole of the said tract of land containing about six miles in length and about five miles and a half in breadth—bounded on the north with the line of the late Colonies of Massachusetts Bay and Plymouth, and upon the town of Scituate, south with the line that is the southerly bounds of the lands of John Cushing Sen'r and Jun'r Esqrs—and from thence on the south-westerly side by certain bounds which the town of Bridgewater have set up and prefixed to Beaver Brook—and on the west with the said brook until it comes to the extent of the township of Bridgewater northward—together with a small gore of land lying between the said town of Bridgewater and the line of the aforesaid colonies. The town of Bridgewater having signified their consent thereto, and a plat of the said land being now presented, and the petitioners having set forth that they have settled a learned orthodox minister—

Ordered, That the prayer of the petitioners be granted. The tract of land within mentioned to be erected into a town, and that the town be named Abingdon.

Tuesday, June 10, 1712.

Concurred by the House of Representatives.

Consented to. J. DUDLEY.

A true copy. E. Ames.

Mr. AMES adds :—

The incorporation of Abington was not by act or law upon parchment, as Attleborough, Harwich, and some other towns, incorporated years before Abington, but like a few towns before and since, was incorporated by a joint order of both branches of the General Court, viz., the House and Council, approved by the Governor, and so was never printed with the Acts and Laws of the Province. The proceedings in the General Court, erecting or incorporating the town were always in manuscript, and so the same were liable to be written not always precisely alike. Some years ago I went to the original record, and found it was incorporated by the name of Abing*don*. I own a copy of the order incorporating Abington, attested by and in the handwriting of Woodbridge Brown *himself*, while he was town clerk of Abington, and finding upon comparison that it differed a little from the copy as printed in Mr. Hobart's History, I went to the General Court Record, the original record as drawn up by the Secretary of the Province at the time, and found that it differed a little from both Brown's copy and the print in Hobart's History. I send you here enclosed a true copy as I took it from the original record, in the hand of the Province Secretary at the time of its enactment.

CANTON, June 6, 1862.

[B.]

Since the delivery of the Address, I have received from Mr. JOHN N. NOYES, a copy of certain town records, relative to schools, which had escaped my notice. The substance of these records I insert here, as they show the people of this town deserving of more credit for early devotion to the interests of education than is awarded to them in the Address. As early as March 7, 1715—three years after the incorporation of the town—forty shillings were allowed for schools. In the year following, the same sum was allowed for a like

purpose. In 1717, the same sum was allowed, with the provision that it should be for four schools—ten shillings for each school. The year following, the same sum was allowed for the same number of schools, the division of the money to be left to the judgment of the selectmen. There is also a record of the sum of one pound having been paid to Andrew Ford for schools. Mr. Noyes suggests that "these schools must have been kept at private houses," and that probably one of them was at Mr. Ford's. It is possible that the schools were started by private enterprise, and that individuals were aided by the town appropriation. Mr. Noyes has my thanks for minutes from the records.

[C.]

The following, furnished by Ellis Ames, Esq., shows the progressive growth of Abington in wealth:—

1. Upon looking at the Province tax of 1726, the tax of Abington was only £35 4*s.* 8*d.*, while that of Scituate, (then including Hanover,) was the sum of £317 6*s.* Abington was *then* the poorest town in the county of Plymouth, by all odds. There was not a town in the county but that was taxed considerably more than twice as much as Abington.

2. Twenty-five years later, viz., in 1751, out of fourteen towns in Plymouth County, it was the ninth in point of means. The Province tax for Bridgewater was the highest of any town in the county, viz.: £393 16*s.*; Scituate tax was £333 10*s.*; Abington tax was £114 14*s.* Halifax, £68 9*s.*, Wareham, £70 3*s.* 2*d.*, Kingston, £82 5*s.*, being the lowest three.

3. In 1770, the year of the famous Resolves, the tax of Abington and Duxbury were alike—eight other towns being higher; that of Bridgewater exceeding that of Scituate.

4. In 1780, Abington was the eighth town in the county in valuation.

5. In 1800, Abington was again the eighth town in the county in the valuation.

6. In 1830, it was the sixth town—five other towns in the county being higher in the valuation.

7. In 1851, the valuation of Plymouth, of Middleborough, and of Hingham, only exceeded it.

8. In 1861, the valuation of Abington by the State greatly exceeds that of any town in the county—and while the whole State taxes of Scituate, South Scituate, and Hanover, is $5,958, that of Abington is $7,578.

Examined and compared with the documents of the times.

ELLIS AMES.

June 6, 1862.

[D.]

At a legal town meeting held at Abington, March 19, 1770—

"Upon a petition of a number of the inhabitants of said town relative to trading with those that do import goods, or those that do trade with the importers, a committee was chosen to bring in Resolves,—viz., Messrs. Daniel Noyes, Samuel Pool, Aaron Hobart, David Jones, Junr., James Hersey, Joseph Greenleaf, Esq., and Mr. Thomas Wilks,—which they unanimously agreed to, which the town voted as followeth as the opinion of this town.

"1stly. That all nations of men who dwell upon the face of the whole earth and each individual of them, are naturally free, and while in a state of nature have a right to do themselves justice when their natural rights are invaded.

"2dly. Voted, as the opinion of this town, that mankind while in their natural state, always had and now have a right to enter into compact and form societies, and erect such kind of government as the majority of them shall judge most for the public good.

"3dly. Voted, as the opinion of this town, that Great Britain had an undoubted right to erect a monarchical government or any other mode of government had they thought proper, appoint a King and subject him to laws of their own ordaining, and always had and now have upon just occasion a right to alter the Royal succession.

"4thly. Voted, as the opinion of this town, that the right of sovereignty over the inhabitants of this Province claimed by any former British King, or by his present Majesty by succession, was derived to them and is derived to him by recognition of the forefathers of this country, of his then Majesty as their sovereign, upon the plan of the British Constitution, who accordingly plighted his Royal faith that himself, his heirs and successors, had and would grant, establish, and ordain that all and every of his subjects which shall go to and inhabit this Province, and every of their children which should happen to be born there, or on the seas in going thither, or in returning from thence, should have and enjoy all liberties and immunities of free and natural subjects, with any of their dominions, to all intents, constitutions and purposes whatsoever, as if they and every of them were born in the realm of England.

"5thly. Voted, as the opinion of this town, that the late acts of the Parliament of Great Britain imposing duties on American subjects for the sole purpose of raising a revenue, are an infringement of our Natural and Constitutional liberty, and contrary to the spirit and letter of the above-mentioned Royal grant, ordination and establishment, of having and enjoying all liberties and immunities of free and natural born subjects.

"6thly. Voted, as the opinion of this town, that no acts passed in either of the Parliaments of France, Spain or England, for the aforesaid purpose of raising a revenue, are binding to us, and that the obedience due from us to his present Majesty in no other and kind or degree than such as he has a Constitutional right to from our fellow subjects in Great Britain.

"7thly. Voted, as the opinion of this town, that therefore the above-mentioned acts are in themselves a mere nullity, and that he who

vi et armis seizes the property of an American subject for not paying the duties imposed on him by said acts ought to be deemed no better than a highwayman, and should be proceeded against in due course of law.

"8thly. Voted, as the opinion of this town, that the troops (may they not more properly be called murderers) sent to Boston by Lord Hillsborough at the request of Gov. Bernard, to aid and to protect the commissioners of the customs in levying the taxes imposed on us by said acts, amount to an open declaration of war against the liberties of America, and are an unjust invasion of them; and as we are refused any legal redress of grievances, we are in this instant reduced to a state of nature, whereby our natural right of opposing force is again devolved upon us.

"9thly. Voted, as the opinion of this town, that the agreement of the merchants and traders of the town of Boston relative to non-importation has a natural and righteous tendency to frustrate the schemes of the enemies of the Constitution, and render ineffectual the said unconstitutional and unrighteous acts, and is a superlative instance of self-denial and public virtue which we hope will be handed down to posterity, even to the latest generation, to their immortal honor.

"10thly. Voted, that those persons who have always persisted in the scheme of importation, and those also who having acceded to the agreement of non-importation, have violated their promises, and as it were stolen their own goods and sold them to purchase chains and fetters, ought to be by us held in the uttermost contempt, and that we will have no sort of commercial connection with them or with any that deal with them, and their names shall stand recorded in the town book and posted up in all public places in town as enemies to their country.

"11thly. Voted, that we are in duty bound not to use or consume any article from Great Britain subject to duties on the foregoing plan, and that we will not knowingly purchase of any person whatever any such articles until said acts are repealed, neither will we

use or suffer willingly to be used in our families any Bohea Tea, cases of sickness only excepted.

"12thly. Voted, that a respectful letter of thanks be addressed to the merchants and traders of the town of Boston, for the noble and disinterested and very expensive opposition made by them to the late attempts to enslave America, and whereas it appears probable to us that the goods of the infamous importers both in this and the neighboring governments are vended among us by pedlars, therefore,

"13thly. Voted, we will not purchase any thing of them or suffer any person under us to trade with them, but that we will as much as in us lies discourage them and endeavor to have the laws executed against them, and all such Innholders as entertain them contrary to law.

"14thly. Voted, that a committee be chosen to inquire who among us act contrary to the foregoing votes, and return their names to the town clerk to be entered in the town books and published in Messrs. Edes & Gill's paper as persons confederating with the importers to ruin their country; and whereas the ears of our earthly Sovereign by the intervention of his wicked ministers are rendered deaf to the cries of his oppressed American subjects, and as we apprehend we have a righteous cause, and as we are assured that the ears of the King of kings are always open to the cries of the oppressed; therefore,

"15thly. That we will unitedly petition the throne of grace for protection against encroaching power, whereby our civil liberties are so violently attacked, and our religious liberties endangered, and that Thursday, the 3d day of May next, be set apart by this town for said purposes, that the selectmen be a committee to wait upon our Rev'd Pastor, desiring him to lead in the exercises of said day, and that by an advertisement they invite the neighboring towns to join with us in similar exercises on said day.

"Next, Voted that the foregoing votes be recorded, and a copy thereof be forthwith transmitted to the committee of inspection in

Boston, together with our letter of thanks to the merchants and traders there.

"Recorded per WOODBRIDGE BROWN, *Town Clerk.*

"*Nota Bena.*—Messrs. William Reed, Aaron Hobart, and Thomas Blancher, were chosen a committee of inspection to examine who traded with the importers, and make a report to the Town Clerk, that their names may be entered in the town books by a vote of the town."

At a legal town meeting held at Abington, January 11, 1773—

"The town voted to make answer to the Committee of the town of Boston, and chose a Committee of nine persons for that purpose, viz.: Dr. David Jones, Messrs. James Hersey, Thomas Wilks, Micah Hunt, Deacon Samuel Pool, William Reed, Jr., Capt. Daniel Noyes, Peleg Stetson, and Samuel Brown.

"The Committee brought in the following report, viz., and voted: The inhabitants of the town of Abington being assembled in a legal town meeting, taking into consideration the many unhappy grievances this Province is laboring under, our rights and privileges being invaded and shamefully violated by many unconstitutional acts of arbitrary power, take this opportunity to testify our loyalty to our rightful sovereign, King George the Third, to whom we have never been wanting in duty and obedience. Whose reign is conformable to the coronation oath, and is regulated by the British Constitution, must be mild and salutary, and be improved for the good and happiness of the people over whom he presides; moreover to testify our firm attachment and our invariable adherence to all our natural and Constitutional rights, stipulated and made over to us by the Royal Charter, which rights and privileges as we are men, Christians and subjects, we view ourselves as under indispensable obligations to use all our endeavors to uphold, maintain and defend. Furthermore, to give in our testimony against all those arbitrary

measures and despotic innovations lately taken place in this Province, viz.: Such as the appointment of a Board of Commissioners invested with such exorbitant power, to force from us our property without our consent, on purpose for raising a revenue; the extension of the Admiralty Courts beyond all rational limits; the quartering of a standing army of regular troops in our metropolis, over whom our Governor declared he had no control, without the consent and in opposition to the remonstrances of the people, which has been the unhappy occasion of bloodshed and murder; the making our Governor (and as we hear the judges of the superior court and others,) independent of the grants of the people; the restraining his majesty's council from meeting upon matters of public concern, unless called by the Governor,—these with many other matters of great grievance justly pointed out to us by our metropolis, the town of Boston, we clearly apprehend are a violent infraction of our natural and Constitutional rights, and have a direct tendency to subvert and overthrow our happy Constitution. Moved by these considerations, we have a hearty freedom to unite with our capital town, and with every other town in the Province, in using our best endeavors by every just and Constitutional measure, to obtain redress, relying upon that God who has the heart of kings at his disposal, and governs all the nations of the earth in righteousness, to vouchsafe his blessing. Being read and considered, the town voted their acceptance *nemine contradicente*, and ordered the Committee to transcribe a copy and send to the Committee of Correspondence in Boston. After which, the town chose a Standing Committee to join with the Committee of Boston, and of every other town that is disposed to adopt the same measures. The Committee of Correspondence that was chosen was Messrs. David Jenkins, Capt. Daniel Noyes, Lieut. Nathaniel Pratt, Dr. David Jones, Edward Cobb, William Reed, Jr., and Thomas Wilks.

"Attest, WOODBRIDGE BROWN, *Town Clerk.*"

At a legal town meeting held at Abington, January 18, 1774—

"The town voted to take under consideration the Parliament act granting licence to the East India Company to export their Teas into America with a duty thereon.

"The town chose Dr. David Jones, Lieut. Nathaniel Pratt, Thomas Wilks, Capt. Daniel Noyes, David Jenkins, Edward Cobb, William Reed, Jr., Micah Hunt, James Hersey, Eleazer Whitman, and John Hobart, a Committee to draw up some Resolves relative to the said teas—

"And the Committee reported the following Resolves, viz.: The Committee of Correspondence in Abington having received an address, together with the votes of the town of Boston at their several meetings, relative to a late act of Parliament granting licence to the East India Company to export their Teas into the American Colonies, for sale subject to a duty to be paid by us (Americans) for the sole purpose of raising a revenue for the support of government—the address and votes before mentioned being presented and read to the town of Abington at a meeting this day held for that purpose, after due consideration and debate thereon the inhabitants come into the following Resolves:—

"*First.* That it is the opinion of this town that the East India Company's Tea being sent here (or any other commodity whatsoever) for sale, subject to duty to be paid by us (Americans) for the sole purpose of raising a revenue for the support of government, is a new and unconstitutional innovation, and so greatly injurious to the just rights of America.

"*Second.* That such measures continued and persisted in will have a direct tendency to alienate the affections of the Americans from their parent state, and will be the most likely method to dissolve their Union and finally to break and destroy the British Empire.

"*Third.* That it is the duty of every individual in the community as a Christian, and a good and loyal subject to his King and as a freeman, to use all lawful endeavors to oppose such measures.

"*Fourth.* That all the contrivers, promoters and abettors of such schemes ought by all men to be viewed as being at heart inimical to their Country and treated as those who have a premeditated design against the national interest.

"*Fifth.* That it is the firm resolution of this town closely and strictly to adhere to their rights and privileges and as far as in their power lies to frustrate the designs of their enemies who attack them, and to that end we resolve carefully to avoid purchasing, expending or improving of the said East India Company's Tea or any other commodity whatsoever brought to America by any person or party whatsoever on such an invidious and injurious plan.

"*Sixth.* That it is the united determination of this town as good and loyal subjects to yield all that obedience to rightful sovereigns the King which the Gospel requires, and as a means conducive to that end to stand by, maintain and uphold the good and wholesome laws of the land by which we are governed in opposition to all these arbitrary tyrants, and oppressive measures lately entered into which so shamefully eclipses the glory of the British Crown, and in a very awful manner destroys the peace, happiness, and tranquillity, of the Nation, humbly relying on the God of providence who governs all events in the natural and moral world for safety and protection.

"Voted, that a copy of the foregoing Resolves be transmitted to the Committee of Correspondence of the Town of Boston."

[E.]

Among other votes showing the military ardor of the town in the Revolution, the following are found on the town records:—

In 1774. The town voted £40 to purchase ammunition and fire-arms for every man above sixteen years, 1 pound of powder, 20 bullets, and 12 flints.

July 24th, 1776.—The town voted to raise a sum of money sufficient to pay each man that shall enlist into the present expedition to New York, the sum of £5 10*s*.

July 29th, 1776.—The town voted a bounty additional to that granted by Congress to procure soldiers to enlist in the present expedition to Canada.

March 23d, 1778.—The town voted to provide shirts, shoes and stockings for forty-six soldiers.

June 26th, 1780.—The town voted to raise "£30,000" to hire soldiers for six months to join General Washington. Soldiers who enlisted as minute men, were allowed three-quarters of a pound of powder each, and bullets and flints in proportion.

Among the votes of the town at a period which "tried men's souls," there are recorded two which, though apparently less military, may be noticed here :—

February 11, 1776.—The town voted to fix prices for various commodities, as corn, rye, beef, good men's shoes, hay, horse-keeping, milk, good West India rum, good New England rum, &c.

This was probably designed to protect articles deemed indispensable, from reaching exorbitant prices in war time.

June 1st, 1778.—The town voted to warn out all who moved into this town for the future. This vote was probably designed to protect the town from liability to support any persons thus warned out, should they become a town charge. I find no record of the reconsideration of this vote.

[F.]

The following is a list of the soldiers of 1812 living at the time of the celebration.

The list contains the names of a few persons who were not living in Abington in 1812, but who have since become residents of the town. The ages are as near as could be ascertained.

	Age.		Age.
Daniel Alden,	74	Samuel Norton,	66
Ezra Alden,	72	Alvah Noyes,	63
Daniel Alger,	76	Benjamin Noyes,	65
Jonathan Arnold,	68	Jacob Noyes,	67
Thomas Blanchard,	77	James Noyes,	72
Samuel N. Brown,	64	Moses Noyes,	71
Daniel Burrill,	68	Zibeon Packard,	66
John Curtis,	66	Samuel Porter,	81
Joshua Curtis,	71	Noah Pratt,	71
Rufus Curtis,	69	Martin Ramsdell,	70
Joseph Damon,	70	Abel R. Reed,	71
James Dyer,	80	Abiah Reed,	70
Daniel A. Ford,	71	David Reed,	72
Saunders Gardner,	69	Goddard Reed,	74
Jonas Gilson,	73	Jonathan L. Reed,	71
Chandler R. Gurney,	70	Brackley Shaw,	80
John C. Harden,	72	Charles Shaw,	68
Nehemiah Hobart,	76	Nathaniel Shaw,	64
Daniel Holbrook,	75	John Smith,	71
Richard Holbrook,	70	John Stetson,	73
David Humble,	73	Gridley Thaxter,	78
Isaiah Lane,	75	Ammiel Thompson,	70
Aaron Leavitt,	71	Jesse Torrey,	72
Leonard Nash,	71	Samuel Wales,	72
Benjamin Norton,	66	Eleazer Whiting,	80

[G.]

POPULATION.

The following figures will show the progress of the town in Population for the last eighty years:—

In 1790,	the population of	Abington	was	1,453
1800,	"	"	"	1,623
1810,	"	"	"	1,706
1820,	"	"	"	1,920
1830,	"	"	"	2,423
1840,	"	"	"	3,214
1850,	"	"	"	5,269
1860,	"	"	"	8,527

VALUATION.

The following table shows the Valuation of Abington, compared with that of the County of Plymouth and of the State, at the several periods mentioned:—.

YEAR.	Town.	County.	State.
1840, . . .	$491,876 00	$10,694,719 '00	$299,880,250 00
1850, . . .	1,466,878 00	19,200,668 00	597,936,995 46
1860, . . .	3,279,465 00	29,160,937 00	897,795,326 00

ERRATA.

On page 9, in list of Assistant-Marshals, for "Josiah Soule," read Josiah Soule, Jr.; and for "William Pool," read William E. Pool.

On page 33, in Note, for "David Holbrook," read Zenas Holbrook.

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